LOrdinges lysten and holde you styl.
Of doughty men tel I wyl.
That haue ben in many a stour.
And holde vp Englonde in his honour
That before this tyme hath ben.
By a knyght is that I mene.
Syr beuys of hampton that knyght hyght.
That neuer was preued cowarde in fyght.
And by his fader that hyght syr Guy.
A noble knyght and a ful hardy.
And howe syr Guy betraied was.
Thoroughe his wyfe alas alas.
That tym was Guy of great renowne
Erle he was of Southhampton.
In crystendome both ferre and nere.
Of doughtinesse was none his pere.
Ne none so hardy nor so stronge.
He loued the right and nat the wronge.
Whyle syr Guy was yonge and lyght.
Knowen he was a douyhty knyght.
In euery londe he rode and yede.
For to wyn hym pryce and mede.
In Fraunce/Flaundres/ and in Almayne.
In Braban/Cecyle/and in Britayne.
In Denmarke/and in Gascoyne.
In Hungrye/ Calabre/ and in Burgoyne
In Pole/in Normandye/and in mayne.
In Turkye/Nabrant/and in Spayne.
In Estelonde/Norway/and in Picardye.
In Skotlonde/ in wales/and in lumbardye.

Stephen Aldhouse. 1696

1699

In crystendome & in hethenesse.
wel was knowen syr Guyes worthynesse.
In al the londe of crystente
was none founde so gode as he.
whyle he was yonge and iolyf.
wolde Syr Guy wed no wyfe.
But whan that he waxed olde.
And his blode began to were colde.
He toke his leue of chyualry.
And dwelled in englonde certaynly.
In that tyme kynge Edgare anone.
Sent after Guy ful sone.
And for syr Guy was trewe and wyse.
And knowen for a knyght of pryce.
He made hym hye stuarde of his londe.
And what euer he sayde it shulde stande.
He kept wel englonde in his dayes.
And set peas and stable layes.
That no man was so hardy.
To do a nother velany
Upon a day thought syr Guy.
That he wolde wedde some fayr lady.
To haue betwene them some chyldren fayre.
That of theyr londes myght be ayre.
The kynge of Skotlonde in that tyde.
Had a doughter of great pryde.
The Emperours broder of almayne.
wedded that lady as men sayne.
Ryght so dyd guy god hym saue.
And at hyr fader he dyd hyr craue.

The kynge of Skotlande nat for thy.
Gaue his doughter vnto syr Guy.
Agaynst the wyl of his doughter bryght.
She had leuer haue had the other knyght.
For he was younge and bolde.
But syr Guy was weren olde.
Alas that he hyr to hym chose.
His owne lyfe for hyr to lose.
Syr Guy wedded that lady fre.
And brought hyr home to his cuntre.
So longe to bedde he hyt ladde.
That a man chylde togeder they had.
Beuys they called that chylde bolde.
He was no more but seuen yere olde.
whan that hys fader was slayne.
wyth syr murdure of almayne.
That lady bethought hyr vpon a day.
Unto hyr selfe gan she say.
My lorde is olde & may nat worche.
Al day he bydeth in the churche.
what for brosynge & what for age
He loueth nat wyth me to rage.
But had I taken a yonge knyght.
That had nat ben bruled in fyght.
He wolde me loue bothe day and nyght.
And make me al the myrthe that he myght
Truly it shal be thus no whyle.
I shal let sle hym wyth some gyle.
After a messanger the lady sende.
That before had ben hyr frende.e

She saide thou shalt on my message,
Thy self alone without any page.
So that thou kepe my counsayle.
I shal the quyte wel thy trauayle.
Madame he saide holde you styl.
For I wyl do after your wyl.
Than was the lady very fayne,
Go she sayde vnto almayne.
And grete wel fro me syr murdour.
Broder he is vnto the Emperour.
And byd hym on the fyrst day.
Of the moneth of may.
That he in our forest be.
wel armed wyth his meyne.
Byd hym that it be nat leued.
But that my lorde be there beheded.
And sende it to me to present.
My lorde shal vaked to hym be sent.
If he me loue that shal I se.
Go forth and grete hym thus by me.
The messangere to the water yede.
Alas the wynde was al for spede.
Into almayne he was brought.
Than to themperours court he sought.
He spered so at one and other.
Tyl he cam to the emperours broder.
And toke hym the letter in his honde.
The lorde it red as he there fonde.
Nowe truly may I wel se.
Nowe that lady loueth me.

Gladder I am if that I say.
Than any tunge tel may.
Al hyr wyl shalbe do.
Grete hyr wel and say hyr so.
Hane here a stede for thy trauayle.
wyth trefour charged wythout fayle.
And if I stande in mayne and myght,
I my selfe shal make the knyght.
The messangere thanked hym tho.
And vnto Englonde is he go.
To Hampton sone gan he fare.
Unto the lady he went there.
He saide madame god the se.
wel syr Murdure greteth the.
Glad he is of thy message.
Ful wel he hath quyt me my viage.
He sayth truly he wylbe prest.
wyth a great oste in tour forest.
Thy lorde to assayle with mayne & myght.
Thy loue to wynne lady bryght.
whan the messangere had thus saide.
The lady held hyr wel apaide.
So after on the fyrst day of may.
The lady feyned hyr seke and lay.
She made a man hyr lorde to cal.
And saide an euel on hyr was fal.
The erle for hyr had sorowe & thought.
And asked hyr if she wolde ought.
Syr she sayde myght I it gete.
Of a wylde bore wolde I fayne ete.

Dame he layde and loue myne.
where myght I fynde that wylde fwyne.
That myght onys glad the.
Syr in your foreſt bredeth he.
Dame he layde make gode ſolace.
For in that foreſt wyl I go chace.
She anſwered wyth treaſon then.
Bleſſed be ye of al men.
The Erle a wyght courſer gan ſtryde.
And henge his gode ſwerde by his ſyde.
Ther myght no man wyth hym renne.
He was the formeſt man therin.
wolde god he had ben aware.
Of his enneinyes that were there.
whan he cam into the foreſt.
He gan chace after the beſte.
That herde fyr murdour.
And lept forth as a fals traytour.
He pryked forth before the oſte.
For pompynge pryde to make great boſte.
And to fyr Guy gan he fay.
yelde the traytour for by my fay.
Thou & thy ſon both dede ſhalbe.
For the loue of thy lady fre.
For I hyr loued or thou hyr knewe.
If thou hyr haue thou ſhalt it rewe.
Syr guy anſwered hym w' reaſon.
And ſayd alas for here is treaſon.
yet wyl I ſo god me mende.
Here in my tyght my ſelfe defende.

Eyther than other gan defye
Than pyked his stede gode syr Guy.
And smote syr amurdour wyth a spe.
Th at out of his sadel he gan hym bere.
Traytour he sayde & cowarde vnbolde.
Weneste thou thoughe I be olde.
That I shulde be of the abasshed.

wyth that syr Guy his swerde out wrasted.
And shulde haue slayne that fals knyght.
Had nat socour come ful ryght.
Syr murdurs men hyed them so.
Agaynst syr Guy they were ful thro.
Syr Guy dyd stoutly against them stande
An hundred he slewe with his hande.
Had he be wel armed I wys.
Al the maystry had ben his.
By that syr murdure was horsed agayne.
Syr Guyes horse had they slayne.
Alas his horse was slayne that stounde.
Syr Guy was felled than to the grounde.
For had his horse lyued that tyde.
He had abayted al they pryde.
whan guy was on fote without lese.
Al they gan about hym prese.
ye herde neuer tel of an olde man ere.
That faught so wel as he dyd there.
Than kneled Guy to syr murdour.
And saide mercy and socour.
Syr murdure for thy gentrye.
Thus cowardly let me nat dye.
But lene me horse armour and sheldc.
And lete me dye manly in the felde.
So that thou wylt do so.
I the forgyue if thou me slo.
Than cryed they al in this wyse.
Slc hym that he neuer ryse.
wyth that syr murdure to hym yede.

And smote there of his hede.
To a knyght he toke this hede in honde.
So he saide and bere this sonde.
To that countesse that is so bryght.
And say I come to hyr bour this nyght.
The knyght went to that lady gent.
& saide madame haue this present.
My lorde the it sent syr murdour.
This nyght he cometh to thy bour.
This gyft she saide is lefe to me.
I thanke syr murdour of his gentrye.
Say to hym that I am at his wyl.
Erly and late loude and stylle.
The messangere his way than went.
And tolde his lorde as she had sent.

¶ Howe yonge Beuys knowinge of this treason by his moder conspyred/and by syr murdo' cõmytted ran to hyr and blamed hyr as ye shalle here hereafter.

Howe wyl we of yonge beuys tel.
Howe wo he was & howe hym befell.
Alas he sayde al for tene.
That I had nat wyth my fader ben.
To haue holpen hym in that stoure.
Agaynst that fals these syr Murdour.
To hys moder he ran and sayde.
Why hast thou my fader betrayd.

I wyl be wroken of his bane.
Alas that euer thou were woman.
And al fals hores for thy sake.
To the deuyl of hel I them betake.
But an othe moder I the swere.
If I may euer armes bere.
I shalbe venged wyth myght & mayne.
On al them that haue my fader slayne.
whan his moder hym vnderstode.
She gaue hym a buffet on the hode.
To the grounde he fel & that was harme.
His mayster toke hym vp by the arme.
Wen called his mayster syr Sabere.
That chylde was to hym lyef & dere.
For Sabere was syr Guyes broder.
In Englonde was nat suche another.
Home wyth the chylde Sabere went.
The lady than after hym sent.
Sabere she sayde for wel or wo.
My son Beuys loke that thou slo.
For I shal neuer glad be.
That day that I hym se.
Syr Sabere was nat wel apayed.
But graunted as the lady sayde.
Home he went wyth wordes fewe.
And for a wyle a Pygge he slewe.
Beuys clothes that were so gode.
He sprenkled them wyth the pygges blode.
Than syr Sabere al for drede.
Clothed the chylde in pore wede.

And saide beuys thou must kepe.
Upon the felde al my shepe.
Tyl the spousage be brought to ende.
And than wol we to wales wende.
There is an Erle sybbe to the.
Thou shalt there dwel and wyth hym be.
Whan thou art bygge armes to bere.
And haste strength harnes to were.
Than mayste thou clayme thyn heritage.
And venge thy fader be thou of age.
Than shal I helpe the for to fyght.
With dynt of swerde to wyn thy ryght.
Therfore my shepe se thou forth dryue.
That no man knowe thou art on lyue.
Forth went Beuys with Sabers shepe.
Unto the felde and sore gan wepe.
Whan Beuys was hyghe vpon the downe
He loked downe to South hampton.
As he behelde towarde the toure.
Trumpettes he herde and tabour.
There was harpynge and moche blysse.
In the place that shuld be his.
Lorde he sayde of me thou art gouernour.
Was I nat an erles son of honour.
I wyl no lenger dwel in this downe.
I wyl home to South hamton.
And I wyl se verely
What murdure doth with that lady.
He ranne fast on his gate.
Tyl he cam to the castel yate

Porter he sayde take it nat yl.
For into the hal on message I wyl.
Fye rybaude sayde the porter tho.
Horson harlot home thou go.
There was neuer man but he were mad.
That wolde on message sende suche a lad.
Horson sayde Beuys if I be one.

And saide beuys thou must kepe.
Upon the felde al my shepe.
Tyl the spousage be brought to ende.
And than wol we to wales wende.
There is an Erle sybbe to the.
Thou shalt there dwel and wyth hym be.
whan thou art bygge armes to bere.
And haste strength harnes to were.
Than mayste thou clayme thyn heritage.
And venge thy fader be thou of age.
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Fye rybaude saide the porter tho.
Horson harlot home thou go.
There was neuer man but he were mad.
That wolde on message sende suche a lad.
Horson sayde Beuys if I be one.

yet harlot was I neuer none.
Thou shalt neuer straunge man despyle.
Haue this he sayde for thy seruyce.
Suche a stroke he hym gaue.
That to his staffe the braynes claue.
Beuys into the hal went.
wyth ragged clothes and sleues rent.
Al about he dyd beholde.
To syr Murdure he spake wordes bolde.
False thefe what doest thou here.
why haste thou slayne my fader dere.
My moder it is that thou haste tane.
wende forth in the deuylles name.
And if thou dwel agaynst my leue.
I trust to god I shal the greue.
Syr Murdure sayde sole be styll.
Thou cannest no gode but moche yll.
Beuys hyt syr murdure at that worde.
That he swowned ouer the borde.
Another stroke he smote sadly.
wyth that the lady began to crye
Than beuys wolde no lenger abyde.
For knyghtes role on euery syde.
For yonge Beuys wo there was.
They toke hym nat but lete hym passe.
Beuys went home thorough the strete
Than wyth his mayster gan he mete.
what nowe beuys sayde Sabere.
For goddes sake what doest thou here.
Beten I haue my stepfadere.

And slayne I haue his owne portere.
Than saide Sabere thou art to blame.
There I get both harme and shame.
But betyde what may betide.
Onys agayne I wol the hyde.
Sabere hym to chamber ledde.
Of the countesse he was adredde.
The countesse wolde neuer blynne.
Tyl she cam to sabers Inne.
Saber she saide where is beuowne.
That cursed lad and stronge felon.
Dame he saide he is dede
At your counsel and at your rede.
Lo his clothes ar al on blode.
Thou lyest she sayde as thou were wode.
But if thou that lad take.
Thou shalt abye for his sake.
Beuys herde that she hym threte.
He to hyr lept wyth hert great.
And saide lo here am I dame.
Do my maister for me no shame.
The lady saide thou art to bolde.
Nowe vnto me thy lyke is solde.
Sabere and another knyght.
She called to hyr anon ryght.
Hym vnto them betoke she.
And bad them cast hym in the se.
Cast ye the boy in myddes of the streme.
And sabere thoughe thou be his eme.
But if thou drowne that gloton. B.i.

Thhu shalt abye for that treason.
I wyl gladly madame sayde he.
The chylde they ledde vnto the se.
They wolde nat drowne hym in no wyse.
But another thynge they gan deuyse.
They fonde shyppes both more and lesse.
Of paynyms londe and hethenesse.
They solde the chylde wyth moche thought.
And the paynyms gladly hym bought.
Beuys herte wexed colde.
whan he to hethenesse was solde.
But yet hym lyst nat for to rage.
Ouer they made gode viage.
The sayle they dyewe the wynde was gode.
They sayled ouer the salt flode.
Tyl they cam to the ryuy.
Of the londe of Ermony.
The kynge hyght Ermyne of that londe.
His wyfe was dede I vnderstonde.
He had a doughter faire and bryght.
Iolian that lady hyght.
Hyr vilage was whyte as lylly floure.
Therin ranne the rede colour.
wyth bryght browes & yen shene.
wyth here as golde wyre on the grene.
Hyr nose was comely hyr lyppes swete.
wyth a louely mouth and fayre fete.
With tethe whyte & euen set.
Hyr handes were swete as violet.
Hyr body was gentyl wythouten lacke

wel ſhapen both body and backe.
Hyꝛ handes were ſmal hyꝛ fyngers longe.
No thynge on hyꝛ was ſhapen wronge.
what nedeth me hyꝛ to dyſcryue.
There was neuer kayꝛer mayde on lyue.
The marchauntes gan to court gone.
And preſented the kynge wt beuys anone.
Of hym the kynge was glad and blythe.
And thanked the marchaũtes an. C. ſythe.
By mahounde ſayde the kynge I were gay.
wolde the chylde forſake his lay.
For by mahounde that ſyteth on hye.
yet ſawe I neuer chylde wyth eye.
That bare ſo moche fayꝛneſſe.
Neyther in length noꝛ in bꝛodeneſſe.
Chylde he ſaide thy name tel thou me.
where thou were boꝛe and in what cuntre.
Syꝛ he ſaide Beuys is my name.
There I was boꝛne thynke I no ſhame.
In Englonde my moder bare me.
At ſouth hampton vpon the ſe.
My fader therof was erle a whyle
My moder lete ſle hym by a gyle.
And hath me ſolde to paynemys.
A wyckeder moder may none be I wys.
If I may lyue certaynly.
I ſhal venge my fader ſyꝛ guy.
The kynge of Ermony ſayde ful wel.
Of guy of hampton I haue herde telle.
Many a paynym and many a ſaꝛazyne.

Hath he slayne wyth moche yeyne.
Beuys he saide I haue none eyze.
But a doughter that is faire.
And if thou wylt thy god forsake.
And to apolyne our god the betake.
I shal the hyz gyue to be thy wyfe.
wyth al my londe after my lyfe.
Sir he saide that wyl I nought.
Foz al the gode that euer was wrought.
Noz foz no thynge that may be.
Noz foz thy doughter that is so fre.
I dyd my selfe great dishonour.
If I shulde forsake my creatour.
The kinge had in hym no fyaunce.
Foz he was stedfast in his creaunce.
The kynge sayde beuys whyle thou art swayne
Thou shalt be my chamberleyne.
whan thou art moze and dubbed knyght.
Thou shalt bere my baner in fyght.
Beuys answered mylde and styl.
what ye me byd do I wyl.
Beuys was loued wyth squyer & knyght.
Foz he was curteys both day and nyght.
Iosian began hym foz to loue.
Ouer al thinges that were aboue.
whan Beuys was. xiiii. yere olde.
Knyght noz squyer was none so bolde.
That agaynst yonge beuys durst ryde.
Noz with no wepen hym abyde.

THe fyrſt dede withouten leſſe.
That Beuys dyd in hethenelle.
It befel vpon a Cryſtenmas day.
Howe it was I wyl you ſay.
Beuys rode to the felde hym to ſolace.
And thre ſkoze ſarazyns wyth hym was.
Than one of them gan to Beuys ſay. B.ll.

Beuys he saide what hyght this day.
Beuys answered I wys.
I wot nat what day it is.
For I was but seuen yere olde.
To hethenesse whan I was solde.
Therfor fela we blame nat me.
If I wot nat what day it be.
The sarazyns saide and loughe.
we can tel the wel ynoughe.
This same is the crysten mas day.
That thy god was borne as men say
This day thou shulde thy god honour
wyth some noblesse as we do our
Beuys vnto a sarazyne saide
O cristendome dost thou me braid
I wolde I were as well armed in this place.
As euer syr guy my father was
For his loue that ware the crowne of thorne.
And as this holy day was borne
wolde I iuste with al the route
Than shulde men se withouten dout.
whether god were stronger in heuen.
Or al the mahoundes that ye can neue.
Harke fela wes saide the sarazyne.
Howe he despiseth apolyne.
yet weneth this crysten hounde.
That he shulde bringe vs al to grounde.
we wol no lenger haue respyte.
who doeth best shalbe sene nowe ryght.
Turne the beuys we the defye.

There is nought elles but thou shalt dye.
Al at onys on hym they swonge.
And gaue hym woundes wyde and longe.
Beuys had no wepen great ne smal.
For to defende hym wythal.
Than it was no bote to pray.
But let hym do the best he may.
Beuys was both lyght & quycke.
And to a sarazyne gan he lepe.
whome with his fyst he stroke so fast.
That his cheke bones al to brast.
Than the sarazyns swerde he toke in hande.
And felled al that wolde before hym stande.
There men myght se moche wo.
whan beuys began to go.
Some he gaue such a wounde.
That they lay grennynge lyke an hounde.
The saralyns were both wight and slye.
And assayled beuys wyth gret enuye.
Beuys about them dyd lepe.
As they had ben a flocke of shepe.
Of some the wombes he gan downe tere.
That the guttes trayled here and there.
There was no sarazyne that he hyt.
But he his body in sunder smyt.
There myght none fle on no syde.
But beuys made hym to abyde.
Thus beuys within a lytel stounde.
The.lx.sarazyns had brought to grounde.
Great game had beuys to se then.

The dede sarazyns lye and grenne.
Here is sene saide Beuys in this stounde.
That god is stronger than mahounde.
The sarazyns stedys home warde ranne.
wythout takinge of any man.
Than dyd beuys home warde ryde.
wyth blody woundes on euery syde.
He stabled vp his hors tho.
And to his chamber gan he go.
On the fresshe erthe he laide hym flat.
For to staunche his woundes wyth that.
Tydinges cam to kynge Ermyne.
That in despyte of Apolyne.
Howe Beuys had slayne of his men syxty.
To the kynge great shame and velany.
The kynge swore he shulde neuer ete bred.
If it be so tyl he be ded.
whan Iolian that herde she was ful wo.
Unto hyr fader gan she go.
And sayde syr it falleth nat to gyue iugement.
Tyl both parties be present.
Beuys is so mylde of mode.
I wot he dyd no man but gode.
By mahounde and tarmagaunt.
But if it were his selfe defendaunt.
whan ye haue herde both partie.
Than is it tyme to gyue iustice.
Than saide the kynge bringe both to me.
As Iolian saith so shal it be.
Iolian called forth two knyghtes.

Go she saide forthe rightes.
To beuys chamber that is so fre.
And byd hym come and speke with me.
To his chamber they went as she them bad.
Eyther other by the hande lad.
whan they cam to the chamber dore.
The one knyght went in before.
And saide beuis if it be thy wyl.
Come speke with Iosian thy kyl.
Beuys loked vp wyth grym visage.
Fye he saide on your message.
I wyl nat onys stere of this grounde.
To speke wyth an hethen hounde.
Uncrysten hoondes I rede you fle.
Or I your herte blode shal se.
The knyghtes hyed fast away.
And to Iosian gan they say.
Beuys called the hethen hounde.
Thryes wythin a litel stounde.
we wolde nat agayne retourne to hym.
For al this cyte he loketh so grym.
Wel saide Iosian come wyth me.
And truly I shal your warrant be.
Forth they went wyth the may.
Unto the chamber where beuys lay.
Beuys loked vp anon tho.
And Iosian in hyr armes two.
Toke beuys and kysted hym swete.
His malice she saide that she wolde bete.
She saide beuys leminan thyn oze.

Thou art wounded wonder sore.
There is nat in al paynyms londe.
Better salue I vnderstande.
Than I haue brought this stounde.
For to hele with al thy wounde.
Beuys rose vp at hys byddynge.
And went hym forth before the kynge.
On beuys was there tolde that tyde.
Thretty woundes longe and wyde.
Kynge Ermyne frayned the soth and herde.
Howe beuys and the sarazyns ferde.
He had suche ruthe and pitye.
That the teres fel downe great plente.
He saide doughter Josian.
Hele beuys woundes if thou can.
I wolde nat as I vnderstonde.
Lese his lyfe for al my londe.
Josyan dyd beuys to chamber lede.
To stop his woundes they shulde nat blede.
wyth salues and drynkes she heled hym soft.
And euer amonge she kyssed hym oft.
So within a lytel stounde.
Beuys was both hole and sounde.

¶ Howe Beuys rose in a mornynge and went to the forest and slewe the wylde bore.

A wylde bore was there about.
Al men of hym had great doute.

Man and beste al that he toke.
wyth his tuskes he al to shoke.
The boze was great and wonder stronge.
His hede was great his tunge was longe.
Echeone was greued both knyght & kynge.
Foz to come in that bozys metynge.

Lorde saide Beuys on a day.
whether the boze be as men say.
Sothly my hert shal euer be soze.
Tyl I haue soughten wyth the boze.
Beuys rose erly vpon a day.
And sadled his gode palfray.
He toke a swerde syke and stronge.
A stronge shelde and a spete longe.
Than pryked he ouer the felde.
Jostan stode and al beheldе.
whan beuys cam to the wode he shoke.
His swerde about his necke he toke.
His hozs he tyed to a thozne.
And loude began to blowe his hozne.
Rounde about the fozest he sought.
But of the boze fonde he nought.
Tyl he cam to the bozes denne.
There fonde he many dede men.
whyche in that wode the boze slewe.
The blode he dranke the flesshe he gnewe.
Ryse he saide thou foule beste.
And agaynst me batayle thou haste.
whan the boze of beuys had an ye.
He set his bristels al on hye.
He stared with his yen holowe.
Ryght as he wolde beuys swalowe.
Of the sayde Beuys haue I marueyle.
wel I haue set my trauayle.
Beuys to hym a spere dyd bere.
In seuen peces he brast it there.

Al to weyke the ſpere was wrought.
For in the boze bote it nought.
His ſwerde he dze we hym to were.
But there myght no dynt hym dere.
Beuys thought at eche dint.
That he had ſmyten on a flynt.
The bore ſmote to beuis ſo harde.
That he wās nere hande a taynt cowarde.
wythout reſt ſo faught they.
Tyl it was none of the day.
Lozde ſaide beuis helpe and mercy.
I am ſo wery me thynke I dye.
The boze was feble and faint alſo.
And from beuys gan he go.
Than ſaide Beuys that wolde nat Ieſu.
That I ſhulde thus leſe my vertue.
Betyde ſaide Beuys what me betyde.
The one of vs ſhal deth abyde.
Beuys met the boze in the playne.
The boze ſawe that and turned agayne.
As he cam gapinge al to wonder.
The ouer groyne he ſmote in ſunder.
In at the mouthe he bare the boze.
And claue his hert in ſunder thoze.
Than with his ſwerde al in haſt.
The bozes hede of he caſt.
And on a tronchon of a ſpere.
The hede he ſtyked foz to bere.
That ſawe the foſters of that fozeſt.
Howe beuys had ſlayne that foule beſte.

They ſalde we haue great diſdayne.
That he hath this boꝛe ſlayne.
Go we to hym we ſhal hym ſlo.
And take the boꝛys hede hym fro.
Than ſhal we haue al the honours.
Ryght as we were conquerours.
As Beuys ſhulde fro the foꝛeſt ryde.
They hym beſet on euery ſyde.
The.xli.foſters were armed eche one.
And beuys was naked & al alone.
whan Beuys ſhulde hande on his ſwerde lay.
The ſkabarde he fonde his ſwerde was away.
Foꝛ he had left his ſwerde thore.
where he ſlewe the wylde boꝛe.
Than had he nought hym to were.
But the tronchon of a ſpere.
Thꝛe foſters ſmote he downe.
wyth a ſtroke of his tronchon.
Nyne he ſlewe at dyntes thꝛe.
And other thꝛe away gan fle.
Beuys went wyth the hede away.
Al ſawe Joſian where ſhe lay.
Suche loue on hym ſhe caſt.
That neuer dyd fayle but euer dyd laſt.
The hede of the wylde ſwyne.
Beuys preſented to kynge Ermyne.
Than at the fyꝛſt roſe beuys pꝛyſe.
That was bothe curteis and wyſe.

SOne after nat longe durynge.
Cam a meſſanger to Ermyne the kynge.

Fro kynge Brademonde of Damas.
That ſware by mahounde and golias.
But if kynge Ermyne without ſtryfe.
Sende Joſian to be his wyfe.
In many wayes he wolde hym noy.
And al his londe robbe and deſtroy.
And ſaide in the fyrſt day of may.
That he wolde come and holde his day.
To lede away his doughter then.
And al his londe deſtroy and bren.
Kynge Ermyne was wode wrothe.
And ſent after erles and barons bothe.
And tolde them al wythout fayle.
That kynge bradmonde bad them batayle.
Than ſpake Joſian the bryght.
By mahounde ſyr were beuys knyght.
He wolde you ſocourc wel ynoughe.
My ſelfe ſawe whan he ſlowe.
Nyne foſters at ſtrokes thre.
And other thre away gan fle.
yet he had nought hym to were.
But the tronchon of a ſpere.
Therfore ſaide the kynge ſhal we nat let.
But let Beuys to vs be fet.
He dubbed beuys than a knyght.
And made hym harnes for to fyght.
Ful wel the kynge gan hym puruay.
with a great oſte agayne that day.
Beuys ſaide the kynge helpe at this nede.
For al my men thou ſhalt lede.

Arme the ryght and take thy ſheilde.
Kynge bradwonde abydeth the in the feilde.
Beuys dyd on his auctowne.
That had angred many a towne.
An haubarke Joſian hym brought.
Sothly a better was neuer wrought.
An helme ſhe gaue hym gode and fayre.
There myght no thynge it apayre.
Than gaue hym that fayre may.
A gode ſwerde that hyght Morglay.
There was no better vnder the ſonne.
Many a londe therwyth was wonne.
Joſian gaue hym ſithen a ſtede.
The beſt that euer on grounde yede.
Ful wel I can his name telle.
Men called hym Arundel.
There was no hors in the worlde ſo ſtronge.
That myght hym folowe a furlonge.
Beuis in the ſadyl lyght.
Joſian ſmyled that was ſo bryght.
Beuys gan his horne blowe.
That his oſte ſhulde hym knowe.
Beuys led wyth hym I vnderſtande.
Of bolde barons twenty thowſande.
And yet there was of theyre fo.
For bradmonde had as many mo.
whan Beuys cam to the felde.
Bradmonde ſtode and hym beheldе.
Lowde laughed bradmonde tho.
whan he ſawe there were no mo.

Eyther gan other oft eſcrye.
They ſhot dartes on eyther partye.
wyth ſwerdys they gaue woundes wyde.
Mainy were ſlayne on euery ſyde.
But whan that they had broke the ray.
Fyers and mortal was that fray.
Kynge bradmondes baner bare Radyſon.
whyche was ſtronge as any lyon.
Beuys at hym had great enuye.
And as ſone as he dyd hym ſpye.
He ſmote Arundel wyth ſpores of golde.
And he ranne euen ryght as he wolde.
Both parties ſtode and beheelde.
Howe eyther hyt other in myddes of the ſhelde.
Radiſons ſpere al to braſt.
But Beuys ſpere helde and ſmote faſt.
That thorough ſhelde & acton.
He bare kinge Radiſon.
The ſpere braſt and he fel downe.
In his breſt abode the tronchon.
Than kynge Bradmonde was al abaſſhed.
For in Radiſon al he truſted.
They wende for he was of ſuche mayne.
That no man myght ſtande hym agayne.
About ſyr beuys they cam redely.
To venge his dethe on eyther partye.
And Beuys had game and thought ful gode.
To bathe Morglay in theyre blode.
Men myght haue ſene in that ſtounde.
An hundred ſarazyns brought to grounde.

A lytel farther he rode tho.
And there he slewe as many mo.
The sarazyns that with Beuys were.
Helpe hym fast wyth theyre power.
Men myght se oueral.
Hedes trendel as a bal.
Many sarazyns myght men mete.
With theyr guttes trailynge about theyr fete.
Some al armeles away gan sle.
And some blindefelde with neuer an eye.
Some thorough the chekes were smyten clene
Some lay grouynge on the grene.
Some were smyt with suche a wounde.
That they lay grennyuge lyke an hounde.
A thousand stedes men myght se.
wyth dede sarazyns away fast sle.
And al they sayde seke and hole.
That they had ben at beuys dole.
Bradmonde sawe his men myskare.
Two of Beuys knyghtes he toke thare.
And led them forth and wyth them fled.
Beuys sawe howe they were bestad.
He saide abyde thou olde wretche.
Art thou come Jostan to fetche.
Take me thy prisoners wythout distaunce.
Or I shal make delyueraunce.
Suche a stroke he gaue bradmonde.
That hors and man fel to grounde.
Mercy saide bradmonde thyn ore.
Letem lyue and smyte me no more.

Thre cytees wyth castels and toures.
I shal the gyue wyth great honours.
Beuys sayde I wyl none of thyne.
But become the kynges man Ermyne.
And do hym homage and feaute.
For other wages there shal none be.
Bradmonde saide leuer had I do so.
Than here to dye wyth peyne and wo.
Beuys charged hym in his lay.
That he shulde neuer by nyght nor day.
wayte kynge Ermyne no treason.
But euer be redye at his somon.
And holde hym of thy londe as cheke.
Be thou lothe or be thou lefe
Beuys Ermynes attournay was.
To receyue homage in that place
whan beuys had done he lete hym go.
Alas why dyd he hym n at slo.
For sone after as ye may here.
He serued hym in worse manere.
The knyghtes that he toke fro bradmonde.
Beuys led wyth hym in that stounde.
For great loue beuys wolde nat blynne.
But led them bothe vnto his ynne.
He gaue them mete & drynke of the best.
And on his bed layde them to reste.
And whan syr beuys had done so.
To court to the kyngegan he go.
He sayde syr kynge make gode vilage.
For bradmonde hath done the homage.

And take you to his cheke lorde in felde & towne.
Euer to be redy at your comowne.
The kynge Ermyne was glad and blythe.
And thanked Beuys often sythe.
He saide to his doughter Josian.
Sone vnarme me this man.
Lede hym to chamber mahounde hym saue.
That he may there his rest haue.
Serue hym both of mete and drinke.
Of the best that he can after thynke.
Than was Josian ryght glad.
And to hyr chamber she hym led.
She set hym soft vpon a bed.
Bordes were laide and clothes spred.
whan she had vnarmed beuys.
To the borde she hym set I wys.
And made hym wel at ease and fyne.
with riche mete and noble wyne.
whan they had wel eten
And on theyre bed togeder sytten.
Josian that was so true.
Thought she wolde hyr loue renewe.
She saide beuys leminan thyn oze.
Than I can tel I loue the moze.
Certys beuys but thou me rede.
For pure loue I shalbe dede.
Than saide beuys Josian be styl.
Thou spekest al agaynst skyl.
Thou myghtest haue one al vnliche.
Kynge bradmonde that is so ryche.

In al the worlde is no man.
Bryncē kynge ne lo wdan.
But they wolde haue the to quene.
If they had the onys sene.
I am a knyght of straunge lande.
I haue no more than I in stande.
Mercy Beuys sayde Iosian.
I had the leuer to my lemman.
Thy body in thy shert al naked.
Than al the gode that mahounde maked.
Beuys she saide tel me thy thought.
Beuys sat styl and spake nought.
She fel do wne and wept sore.
She saide thou saydest here before.
There is no kynge that me hath sene.
But that he wolde haue me to quene.
And thou disdaynest of me so.
Se thou out of my chamber go.
More comely it were the lyke.
For to hedge and make a dyke.
Than thus to be dubbed knyght.
And to syt amonge maydens bryght.
Go churle out of my sare.
Mahounde gyue the moche care.
Damsel he sayde I am no churle.
My fader was bothe knyght and erle.
Unto my cuntre I wyl me hye.
Neuer more shalt thou me se.
Thou gauest me an hors take hym here.
I kepe nat to be in my daungere.

Beuys went forthe & wolde nat blynne.
Tyl he cam to his owne ynne.
Sore agreued as he were blamed.
For Iolian had hym so asshamed.
The two knyghtes that beuys saued.
Asked hym who had hym greued.
Beuys saide neyther gode nor yl.
But sate hym downe and helde hym styl.
whan beuys was gone Iolian fro.
Than began al hyr wo.
She called hyr chamberlayne Bonyface.
And bad hym helpe hyr in this case.
To beuys on message she hym sende.
Saynge she wolde al thynge amende.
That she had saide loude or stylle.
So that he wolde come hyr tyl.
Bonyface forth is gone.
To beuys chamber he cam anone.
He saide that Iolian hym thyder sende.
And that she wyl al thynges amende.
That she hathe sayde loude or styl.
So that ye wol come hyr tyl.
Beuys sayde why shulde I so.
She bad me out of hyr chamber go.
A robe gaue he the messangere.
wyth other wedes fayre and clere.
wel furred wyth great valour.
Haue this he sayde for thy labour.
Grete wel thy lady fro me.
And say that I wol neuer hyr se.

Bonyface thenked hym tho.
And went agayne there he cam fro.
He saide madame make gode chere.
For beuys wyl neuer more come here.
Certys madame ye dyd vnryght.
For to myssay so noble a knyght.
For it was neuer a churles dede.
To gyue a messangere suche a wede.
If Beuys wyl nat come to me.
I wyl nat rest tyl I hym se.
Betal therof wel or wo.
To beuys chamber wol I go.
Iosian wolde no lenger blynne.
Tyl she cam to beuys ynne.
Whan beuys herde Iosian without.
As he shulde slepe he began to rout.
Beuys she saide a whyle awake.
I am come my peas to make.
Damsel saide beuys tho.
Lat me lye and go me fro.
I am of yghtynge wery and sore.
So wyl I for loue no more.
Merry she saide my lemman I wete.
She fel downe and began to wepe.
Forgyue me that I haue myssayde.
I wyl that ye be wel apaide.
My false goddes I wyl forsake.
And crystendome for thy loue take.
On that couenaunt saide beuys than.
I wyl the loue faire Iosian.

He kylled hyr to a cordement.
Therfore after was he shent.
The two knyghtes were there that stounde.
That beuys had taken fro bradmonde.
They herde al theyr couenaunt.
They went to the kynge in that instant.
They sayde beuys this same day.
Hath made Josyan forsake hir lay.
Certys nowe wol he by hyr lye.
But it ye fynde some remedy.
But he be brought of by awe.
Sothly he wyl destroy pour lawe.
¶ It is sothe by al halowes.
Delyuer a theef fro the galowes.
He shal the wayte to robbe or slo.
So it fared by these knyhtes two.
Beuys delyuered them from peryle.
And they quyt hym with a gyle.
Alas sayde Ermyne kynge.
Sore me rueth that tydynge.
Sythen that beuys cam me tyl.
Moche he hathe done at my wyl.
I wolde nat for al Ermonye.
He Beuys take any velany.
But I wolde auenged be.
So that I dyd it nat se.
Syr sayde a Sarazyne.
we shal do wryte in parchemyne.
A letter vnto kynge bradmonde.
Byddynge hym brynge beuys to the grounde

one leaf wanting

Howe beuys went on message to kinge brad-
mounde & howe he kaught in the cyte of damas a
ganst the sarazyns that made sacryfice to ydols
& howe he tare them downe & kest theym in the
dyrt & afterwarde was taken & put in pryson.

TUrne we there we were before.
Of Beuys of hampton speke we more.
Beuys rode forthe a pase.
Towarde the cyte of Damas.
He rode dayes and nyghtes bothe.
And rested nat wythout othe.
He rode as fast as he myght ryde.
Two or thre more we tyde.

Than lyst hym bothe to ete and drinke.
As a wery man doth after thynke.
Slepe he lysted as the romayns tellys.
That myght he gete and no thynge ellys.
Beuys lay downe and slept a stounde.
And lete his hors bayte on the grounde
whan he awoke out of his slepe.
No lenger he bode but vp dyd lepe.
Beuys than forthe rode.
Towarde a forest fayre and brode.
He sawe a palmer syt hym nere.
wyth brede and wyne to his dynere.
Baken curlewes he had thre.
Thoughe he were pore on to se.
The palmer sawe beuys was a knyght.
And valed his bonet as it was ryght.
The palmer saide fayre loue myne.
Is it your wyl to come and dyne.
For my wyl is moche gyuen to the.
Therfore it forgyueth me.
That thou shalt wyllhe me withouten fayle.
To a man for whome I trauayle.
Beuys saide agayne ful fayne.
Hunger hath done me moche peyne.
Beuys ete and dranke ful gode plente.
whyle he wolde syt and therat be.
Than to speke beuys began.
Palmer he sayde art thou a crysten man.
where thou were borne tel thou me.
And what thou doest in this cuntre.

Than saide the palmer I vnderstande.
That I was borne in Englonde.
At south hampton vpon the se.
And I am come to this cuntre.
To seke after a chylde ryght.
That beuys of south hampton hyght.
I shal hym seke tylle I hym fynde.
Thoughe I hym seke to the worldes ende.
To bringe hym in to Englonde.
To helpe my fader wyth his honde.
Agaynst his stepfader for to fyght.
To wynne his heritage and his right.
what hyght thy fader palmere.
Syr men cal hym sabere.
He hath ben euer in stryfe.
Syth syr guy of hamptons lyfe.
I left hym in an yle gode.
Closed about wyth the se flode.
And euery yere a day certayne.
He syghteth wyth syr murdure of almayne.
For to wynne his heritage.
He doth for hym great viage.
Tel me syr if thou can.
wysshe me ryght vnto that man.
Than saide beuys wyth mylde chere.
Beuys haue I knowen this .x. yere.
It is nat thre dayes wyth al.
That we were bothe in one hal.
There is no man by goddys ore.
In crystendome that I loue more.

we were felawes and certaynly.
He tolde me his fader hyght syr guy.
Syr saide the palmer that is he.
For goddys loue let me hym se.
Beuys saide it may nat be so.
For on message must I go.
But go thou home to engloude agayne.
And helpe thy fader wyth myght & mayne.
For whan I haue my message done.
I shal speke with beuys sone.
And tel hym this I vnderstande.
And make hym hye hym into Englonde
Parchaunce beuys is my frende.
I shal wyth hym to englonde wende.
Syr saide the palmer in his langage.
whether go ye on message.
He saide to kynge brademoude I wende.
whyche is my foo and nat my frende.
The palmer saide if it your wyl be.
Let me a lytel your letter se.
Nay saide beuys so wot I go.
So thought I nat my selfe to do.
Shal it neuer vndone be.
Tyl kynge Brademonde hath it se.
They toke their leue and forthe gan go.
Eyther kylled other of them two.
The palmer went to Englonde warde.
And beuys rode sone forwarde.
Towarde the cyte of damas.
That was a ful fayre place.

There was kynge Bradmondes palays.
was neuer none richer the story says.
For al the wyndowes & the walles.
were painted w' golde bothe toures & halles
Pyllers and dores al were of bralle.
wyndowes of latyn were se wyth glalle
It was so riche in many wyse.
That it was lyke a paradyse.
About the place there was a dyke.
In brede and depenelle there was none lyke.
Ouer the dyke a bridge there lay.
That man & beste myght palle away.
Under the bryage were syxty bellys.
Ryght as the romayns tellys.
That there myght no man palle in:
But al they range wyth a gynne.
At the bryage ende stode a toure.
Paynted wyth golde and with asoure.
Riche was it to beholde.
Theron stode an egle of golde.
His syen were al of precyous stones.
Of great vertue for the nonys.
The stones were so ryche and bright.
That al the place shone of lyght.
whan beuys was nere the cyte.
Of that place marueyled he.
For sithen that beuys borne was.
Sawe he neuer suche a place.
whan beuys cam the cyte within.
Great myrthe and noise he sawe begyn.

As sarazyns shulde make theyre sacrifice
To theyr mawmettes in this wyse.
Beuys came nere them for to se.
He sayde what deuyl of hel do ye.
why make ye mahounde this present.
And despyse god omnypotent.
I shal wete or that I go.
what mahounde can say or do.
Beuys lept vnto mahowne.
And toke hym ryght by the crowne.
He cast hym in myddes of the myre.
And bad them take vp theyr syre.
The sarazyns that by beuys stode.
For very angre were nere wode.
They saide al he shulde abye.
For he despyled theyr mawmentrye.
There was no more vnto hym saide.
But al at onys on hym they layde.
Beuys than his swerde drewe.
And al that wolde abyde he slewe.
Than rose a crye in the cyte.
The sarazyns gadred great plente.
They preked about beuys tho.
For he had despyled mahounde so.
Beuys sawe that & toke a stoure.
At eche stroke he felled foure.
with the sarazins he faught so fast.
That two hundred to the grounde he cast.
within a whyle men myght mete.
Sarazyns fleinge in the strete.

Unto the palays they ran fleinge.
For to haue ſocour of the kynge.
They ſayde ſyr kynge we ar ſore noyed:
your cyte is nere hande deſtroyed.
Thoroughe a knyght that hyder is come:
Our goddys hath he from vs nome.
And troden them vnder his fete.
In the foule myre of the ſtrete.
And al thy men he hath ſlayne:
That euer faught hym agayne.
Syr kynge but we haue ſome coũſel of the.
He wyl deſtroy al the cyte.
Kynge bradmonde ſaide by my hode.
He is a deuyl or he is wode.
What he is I wyl go ſe.
Arme you ryght and come wyth me:
Forthe they went al the route.
Of the palays without dout.
Ryght on the brydge the romayns ſais.
They met into the palays.
Whan beuys ſawe the kynge with crowne.
On his knees he kneled downe.
And gaue hym the letter in his hande.
And ſaide Jeſu that is al I vnderſtande.
That ſhope al the worlde ſo rounde.
He gyue the ſorowe kynge bradmonde.
But mahoundeand apoly ne.
And tarmagaunt be goddys thyne.
They gyue the theyr bleſſynge.
That is ſhort lyfe and euel endyuge.

wel the greteth kynge Ermyne.
He sendeth the this letter in parchemyne.
And byddeth the his byddinge do.
Ryght as thou art swore hym to.
The kynge of beuys receyued the dede.
And gaue it to a clerke to rede.
The letter bad he shulde hym slo.
And that he shulde nat passe hym fro.
For certys if he passe away.
He wyl destroy al our lay.
whan kynge brademonde herde al this.
He was therof ful glad I wys.
He saide beuys welcome to court with shame.
we shal lerne the a newe game.
Thou art he that made me thral.
Me and my men al.
Thou slewest my men & brought to grounde
Twenty thousande in a lytel stounde.
And hast in despyte slayne mahounde.
And my men in this stounde.
But blessyd mot mahounde be.
That hath the sent hyther to me.
For nowe I wolde wroken sone.
Of al the treason thou haste me done.
But blame me nat beuys in thyn entent.
But blame hym that the hyther sent.
Some saide he shulde be slayne.
And some saide he shulde be quycke flayne.
Some bad drawe hym thoroughe the cyte.
And some bad hange hym on a tre.

Styl stode beuys and them herde.
Of al that treason howe it fared.
Syr kynge he sayde it is no rede.
To iuge me a dogges dede.
A knyght I am as wel as you.
Therfore take your counsel nowe.
And graunt me armour and stede.
Shelde and spere gode at nede.
Sure helme and stalworth shelde.
And bryng me sake into the felde.
And arme thy men lesse and more.
Syxty hundred if they wore.
Than lat me dye in batyle tyght.
As maner is of a noble knyght.
Than the sarazyns cryed al.
Unto the kynge gan they cal.
They saide he shal thy men downe folde.
If that thou graunt hym batayle bolde.
Grauut hym pryson by our rede.
Let hym be there tyl he be dede.
For in your pryson be dragons two.
wyth other wormes many mo
were he into your pryson brought.
Unto none he lyueth nought.
Bryng hym thyder they al saide then.
And nat in felde amonge your men.
Than spake kynge bradmonde.
Bringe hym lyghtly to the grounde.
For he shal dye wyth moche sorowe.
Al crystendome shal nat hym borowe.

About beuys gan they dryue
As bees do about an hyue.
whan beuys sawe none other rest.
Than he began to do his best.
wyth his swerde he stode at defence.
Agaynst them al in theyr presence.
Syr beuys kaught al to wonder.
Tyl his swerde brast in sonder.
Alas saide beuys & welaway.
Nowe want I gode mornglay.
But neuerthelesse syr beuys.
Brought to grounde wyth his fystes.
Syxty sarazyns to grounde he cast.
After that his swerde dyd brast.
But euer they gadred mo & mo.
And toke beuys wyth moche wo.
They bounde togeder his handes so fast.
That al his fyngers on blode out brast.
They led hym than into the hal.
And set hym in a knyghtes stall.
I knyght hym fed of mete and drynke.
what euer he wolde after thynke.
The kynge bad beuys ete fast.
For this he sayde shalbe thy last.
An hundred sarazyns and mo.
Stode about beuys wyth swerdes tho.
In chaunce if hys handys out brast.
Lyst he shulde make them agast.
whan Beuys had eten & made hym glad.
Into the prylon they hym lad.

whan he was at the prison grounde.
Sone his handes they vnbounde.
For than were they sure and fast.
That he shulde nat make them agast.
In the pryson whan he cam downe.
There he fonde a short tronchowne.
In his hande he it toke.
And seued his lyfe so saythe the boke.
A water thoroughe that pryson ran.
To voyde the fylthe from any man.
He had nat ben there but a whyle.
Nat the mountenaunce of a myle.
The two dragons of moche myght.
Agaynst syr beuys cam to fygh..
Fast faught bothe he and they.
Al the nyght and al the day.
These dragons neuer left of truly.
Tyl beuys was both sore and wery.
But by that other day at none.
These two dragon were fordone.
His staffe was broken nere away.
A lytel in his hande was left ay.
whau these two dragons were dede.
Than coude beuys no better rede.
But thanked Jesu that al shal wynne.
Of al the care that he was in.
Seuen yere was he thore.
Mete he had neuer more.
But onys on the day without lese.
of whete bran he had a mese.

For to length withal his lyfe.
In penurye and moche stryfe.
Brede of corne ete he none.
But water he had great wone.
Rattes and myce and suche smal dere.
Was his mete that seuen yere.
Thus is beuys at the pryson grounde.
God bringe hym out both hole and sounde

Speke we of Josyan that may.
Howe to hyr fader she gan say.
Syr beuys she saide where is he.
Ful longe me thinketh tyl I hym se.
Doughter he saide I vnderstonde.
He is gone home into Englonde.
There lyueth he in his heritage.
And hath a wyfe of great lynage.
A kynges doughter wedded hath he.
A marchaunt I wys so tolde it me.
Than was Josian ful of wo.
And to hyr chamber dyd she go.
She wept sore fyr beuys.
Alas she saide some treason there is.
There is no man can tel the sorowe.
That she made bothe euen and morowe.

Here after foloweth howe kynge Jour of mam braunt wedded Josian the kynges doughter of Ermony.

Of Wambraunt kynge Jour.
A ryche kynge of great honour.
Is coune Jolian to wed.
And of hyr fader hath he sped.
He Graunted hyr vnto his wyfe.
And al his londe after his lyfe.
whan Jolyan herde she shulde be quene.
Agaynst hyr wyl it was I wene.
Leuer she had withouten lesse.
To haue ben syr Beuys countesse.
Neuertheles syth it was so.
Agaynst hyr fader she durst nat do.
Euer she sayde syr Beuys.
Hynde knyght of south haunpton is.

Haddeſt thou me neuer forſake.
But ſome treaſon it dyd make.
I ſhal neuer ſo vntrue be.
As thou art beuys vnto me.
I ſhal go make me a wrytte.
Thorough a clerke wyſe of wyt.
That there ſhal no man haue grace.
Whyle that letter is in place.
Agaynſt my wyl to lye me by.
Nor do me ſhame nor velany.
She dyd the letter ſone be wrought.
On the maner as ſhe had thought.
About hyr necke ſhe hanged it.
She wolde nat begyle beuys yet.
Whan it was to the tyme ſped
That kynge Iour ſhuldbe wed:
He ſent after withouten mo.
The Sowdan of babylon tho.
And after the Sowdan of Percy.
What nedethe they⁹ names to diſcrye.
He prayed them wyth hym to be.
Whan he ſhuld wed that lady fre.
Whan the feſte ſhulde begynne.
Euery knyght went to his ynne.
Whan the feſte was al done.
Kynge Joure wolde home go.
With Joſian that lady bright.
That was true both day and nyght.
Joſian was brought to chare.
With great thought & moche care.

Kynge Ermyne toke arundel
And ladled hym fayre and wel.
He toke wyth hym gode mozglay.
And to kynge Jour gan he say.
Haue here I gyue the this stede.
Stalworth and gode at euery nede.
Haue here mozglay of stele browne.
They longed both to beuys of hampton
Kynge Jour hym thanked then.
And rode forth before his men.
whan they were nere mambraunt.
The kynge sware by tarmagant.
That he wolde into the cyte ryde.
On arundel before his bryde.
On arundel he was vp brought.
But arundel was wel bethought.
That it was nat syr beuys.
That was vpon his backe I wys.
He lept ouer dyche and ouer corne.
Ouer brere and ouer thorne.
He wolde neuer stynt rennynge.
Tyl he had cast downe the kynge.
So sore to grounde he hym cast.
That his backe al to brast.
And had nat somer come socour.
He had slayne kynge Jour.
They toke the hors wyth moche slyght.
And led hym to the palays ryght.
wyth great ropes they hym bounde.
There was no mete before hym founde.

Neyther otes ne water clere.
There he stode that seuen yere.
But that Iolian hym brought.
And that wyst the kynge right nought.
For his men coude no rede.
wyth hunger nor thyrst peyne hym to dede.
NOwe is Iolian a quene.
And Beuys in pryson wyth moche tene.
Stronge wordes were them before.
He cursed the tyme that he was borne.
His here hange longe and syde.
Ful symple than was his pryde.
On a day as beuys gan slepe.
There cam an adder and on hym gan crepe.
And stonge hym sore withouten lye.
Upon his browe aboue the eye.
Than beuys awaked and loude gan crye.
He saide lorde Iesu mercy.
This adder hath me bytten sore.
Out of lyfe I wolde I wore.
Helpe lorde if it be thy wyl.
Lat me neuer thus in pryson spyl.
wyth that an aungel come is.
whyche appered to syr beuys.
He thought the aungel cam from hyght.
By whome the worme loste his syght.
And before hym alto brast:
Beuys sawe that and loughe fast.
Syr beuys was bothe feble and faynt.
To Iesu he made his complaynt.

And to his moder mary.
And rutully began to crye.
Lorde he saide heuen kynge.
As thou shope me and al thynge.
what haue I to the do gylt.
That thou me helpe ne wylt.
These sarazyns worke me moche wo.
Mercy lorde they be my fo.
Nowe gyue me grace heuen to wyn.
And out of this pryson that I am in.
The two wardayns herde beuys complaynt
Howe feble he was and howe faynt.
The one saide herest thou this felowne.
Howe he despyseth our mahowne.
He weneth hys god may hym saue.
And socour thynketh he to haue.
But I shal hym let certayne.
I shal neuer rest tyl he be slayne.
Sodaynly at that worde
He late downe a lampe by a corde.
He sayde come downe whan I the cal,
To helpe me what som euer befal.
A swerde he toke by his syde.
And by the rope downe gan he slyde.
Than smote he beuys in that stounde.
That he fel downe to the grounde.
Lorde saide beuys why doest thou so.
Nowe is my hert in ful great wo.
Had I my gode swerde morglay.
And Arundel my gode palfray.

For al damas wyth theyre treason.
wolde I nat gyue a button.
And nowe the moste wretche of al.
wyth a stroke maketh me to fal.
I wolde I were hanged on an oke.
But I were wroken of that stroke.
Beuys wyth his fyst smote hym so fast.
That his necke he al to brast.
The other cryed that was aboue.
And saide felawe for my loue.
Hast thou of me any nede.
It is best I come the to rede.
ye sayde beuys al for gyle.
Come hyder to me a lytel whyle.
For I must haue thy rede.
Or that beuis be al dede.
The other warden no lenger abode.
But downe by the rope he slode.
whan he sawe beuys hole and sounde.
And his felawe dede on the grounde.
He wolde haue fled vp agayne that tyde.
Nay sadoe beuys thou must abyde.
Beuys wyth his felawes bronde.
Smote in sonder thorough goddis sonde
The rope aboue the sarazyns hede.
And after hym felled starke dede.
Than was beuys glad and fayne.
whan he had bothe his wardens slayne.
Thre dayes he lay and no thynge ete.
Hym thought that lyfe wonder swete.

yet was beuys wont before eche day.
whyle that he in pryson lay.
Of wheat bran he had a meas.
Ther wyth he made hym wel at eas.
But whan his two wardens were forgone.
Brede nor bran had he none.
That penaunce was hym to stronge.
Hym thought he lyued al to longe.
Jesu cryst syr beuys sayde.
Helpe me lorde a lytel brayde.
Sothly the rope may I nat reche.
But if thou me wylle or teche.
To hye smote beuys the rope in sunder.
If he it reche it were great wonder.
But neuertheles by goddys myght.
Beuys skypped vp he was ful lyght.
He gate the rope in his hande.
Than vp he cam I vnderstande.
whan he cam vp he sawe no lyght.
For than it was about mydnyght.
But wel herde he in a stable.
Gromes synge and make sable.
To that stable doze he went.
And smote it open at a dent.
A doze barre he toke in honde.
And slewe al that he there fonde.
A gode stede toke he thare
And sadled hym wel and fayre.
Than beuys rode to the gate ful euen.
And called the porter wyth mylde steuen.

Ryse porter anone he sayde.
Beuys of hampton hathe vs betrayde.
That the gates were opened sone.
wyth that is beuys out gone.
Than the porter hys way toke.
Unto the prison for to loke.
He fonde bothe the wardeus slayne Iwys.
And beuys away escaped is.
The porter sayde by my snoute.
That was beuys that I lete out.
The porter went to the kynge & sayde.
Howe that beuys had hym betrayde.
And slayne his wardens bothe in fere.
The kynge made sorowe & heuy chere.
There were .v. kynges in that palays.
That made hym homage the story says.
To them kynge brademonde made his mone.
Than tthey theyin armed euerychone.
One of them was bothe proude and fyers.
Men called hym syr graundyers.
An horse he had of great pryce.
That men called trunchefyce.
He was worthe his weght of golde.
So he wolde renne vpon the molde.
Syr graundiers was the fyrst dyght.
On trunchefyce vp he lyght.
He sprange after on trunchefyce.
wel he thought to wynne the pryce.
whan he was past damas.
He sawe beuys ryde a soft pase.

He sayde turne the doggys whelpe.
Thy god shal the no thynge helpe.
By the I shal get great renowne.
If thou be beuys of hampton.
Than sayde beuys so mot I go.
It is no maystry me to slo.
For if that I slayne be.
It is thorough hunger & nat thorough the.
But neuertheles I wyl assay.
Howe thou shalt my dynt pay.
Beuys turned hym wel and fayre.
They rode togeder wythe great ayre.
Suche a stroke he gaue graundere.
That thorough the helme that was so clere.
Hede and body he claue in sunder.
There halpe no armour & that was wonder.
Ryght to the sadyl by hede myne.
He claue hym downe as a swyne.
Beuys trunchefyce sone bestrode.
And left his hors than forthe he rode.
Kynge brademonde wyth al his oste.
Cam rydynge after wyth great boste.
And so fast folowed he.
That beuys was dryuen to the se.
Than sayde beuys I shal be slayne.
If that I fyght so many agayne.
yet had I leuer to water sle I wys.
And lat god worke what his wol is.
Than to be slayne amonge them al.
Helpe me lorde on the I cal.

Beuys smote his horse that he gan skyp.
Into the se fourty fote he lept.
The sarazyns sawe that after cam.
Howe the hors wyth beuys swam.
Thorough the grace of god almyght.
The hors bare ouer that noble knyght.
whan he was ouer the water past.
The hors rested and shoke hym fast.
So that for feblenes that stounde.
Beuys of the horse fel to grounde.
Lorde sayde beuys that feble am I.
If I were kynge of Ermony.
I wolde the kyngedome gyue in dede.
For one sheuer of brown bede.
THan forth rode beuys wyth great ayre.
Tyl he cam to a castel fayre.
A lady ouer the wal lay.
Dame sayde beuys I the pray.
For his loue that dyed on tre.
A melys mete gyue thou me.
The lady answered tho.
Fro my gate I rede thou go.
It were better ellys where than here.
For here thou gettest a colde dynere.
For my lorde is a geaunt.
And byleueth on tarnagant.
If he knowe thou be crystyn.
He wyl the sle wyth moche pyne.
By god sayde beuys and sware an othe.
Be he lefe or be he lothe.

Here wyl I my mete ete,
To dye therfore but I it gete.
The lady was abasshed withal,
And went in vnto the hal.
She tolde hyr lorde that was so stout.
Howe a man had sworne without,
That he wolde there ete his fyl.
Maugre of bothe theyre wyl.
ye saide the Geaunt wyl he so.
In his hande a doze barre toke he tho
Unto syr beuys than he brayde.
And vnto hym thus he saide.
what art thou syr swyse.
where staiest thou trunchefyce.
That thou syttest vpon here.
He was my brothers syr graundere.
God wot than saide beuys.
I shope syr graunder a crowne I wys.
whan we met last in batayle.
I made hym deken without fayle.
And if thou wylt others take.
A preste saide beuys I shal the make.
Alas saide the Geaunt for syr graundere.
His deth shalt thou bye ful dere.
To syr beuys he smote ryght sore.
But of hym he fayled thore.
And hyt trunchefyse in that stounde.
That he fel downe to the grounde.
Beuys stert vp without respyte.
Unto the geaunt gan he smyte.

Suche a stroke was neuer sene in lande.
Sythen oliuer dyed and roulande.
The geaunt sawe that beuys was stronge.
He drewe a dart sharpe and longe.
Thorough beuys shulder he gan it shote.
The blode ranne to his fote.
whan syr beuys sawe his blode.
For yre and tene he was nere wode.
He smote the geaunt than vntyl.
wyth al his myght and al his wyl.
Suche a stroke he there hym lent.
That the hede fro the body went.
Brest and body claue he downe.
wyth the dynt of his fauchowne.
Nowe sayde beuys by mone and sonne.
I trowe I haue my mete wel wonne.
Daue sayde beuys withouten more.
Gyue me some mete I hunger sore.
And thus shal I neuer so mot I thee.
Of mete and drynke no churle be.
The lady durst nat beuys wythstande.
But led hym in by the hande.
She serued hym of brede and wyne.
And afterwarde of metys fyne.
Of euery messe I vnderstande.
That cam to syr beuys hande.
He made the lady therof begyn.
Lyst she had put poyson therin.
He made hyr drynke fyrst truly.
Lyst she shulde do hym velanye.

Whan beuys had eten Inoughe.
A whyte kerchyf to hym he droughe.
And therwyth stopped his depe wounde.
To staunche the bledynge in that stounde.
Beuys into the stable yede
And made to sadle hym a ful gode stede.
There wolde he no lenger abyde.
But toke his leue and forthe gan ryde.
Furth than syr beuys rode
Tyl he cam without a brode.
Unto a fayre grene place.
Lorde sayde beuys blessyd be thy grace.
And nowe I wolde that bradmonde kynge.
Were here wyth me and al his sprynge.
On this grene men shulde se.
Whether that I shulde them fle.
Forth rode beuys by the streme.
Tyl he cam to Jerusalem.
To the patryarke he went truly.
And tolde hym his lyfe by and by.
There tolde he withouten stryfe.
Of Josian that shulde haue ben his wyfe.
Whan the patryarke that harde truly.
He wept for hym and had petye.
He kept wyth hym beuys sole.
Tyl he was bothe sounde and hole.
Than he forbad hym on his lyfe.
That he shulde neuer wed a wyfe.
But if she were a mayden clene.
Nay syr saide beuys as I wene.

whan it cam to the nyght.
Beuys toke leue as a gentyl knyght.
Erly on the morne whan it was day.
Beuys rode forthe on his way.
As he rode hym selfe alone.
Hym thought whederwarde he wolde gone.
whether shal I to Englonde fare.
Nay what shulde I do thare.
But if I myght an oste gader.
For to sle my stepfader.
I wot he saide to Ermony.
To wete the cause wherfore and why.
That the kynge dyd this treason.
For my godenesse agaynst reason.
As beuys rode furthe ryght.
He ouertoke another knyght.
That wolde go to Ermony.
Than beuys bare hym company.
And as they rode at the last.
Eyther beheld other fast.
Than eyther other of them knewe.
For sometyme they were felawes true.
Togeder they kyssed after that
He asked beuys of his estate.
God wot saide beuys and loughe.
I haue had sorowe ynoughe.
And suffred bothe hunger and colde.
wyth other peynes many folde.
Thorough treason of kynge ermyne.
yet shal I quyte hym al my pyne.

were nat his doughter Iolian.
This day wolde I be his bane.
Iolian he laide is nowe a wyfe.
Agaynst hyr wyl wyth moche stryfe.
Seuen yere it is by tarmagant.
Sythen kynge Iour of mambrant.
Iolian to mambraunt dyd wed.
Bothe to boure and also to bed.
He hath thy swerde gode morglay.
And arundel thy gode palfray.
where is mambraunt sayde beuys tho.
Syr he sayde by mahounde so.
So farforth may ye nat go to day.
But turne ye agayne another way.
Than rode beuys forth errant.
Tyl he cam to mambrant.

Mambraunt is a ryche cyte.
Fayre and louely on to se.
whan syr beuys of south hampt wne.
Cam within that ryche towne.
wyth a palmer there he met.
Ful fayre eyther other gret.
Palmer he sayde where is the kynge.
Syr he sayde on huntynge.
wyth many knyghtes stoute and kene.
Palmer he sayde where is the quene.
Syr he sayde in hyr toure.
Palmer he sayde paramour.
wylt thou gyue me thy wede.
For my clothynge and my stede.

wolde god sayde the palmere.
That ye had made that chafete.
Beuys gaue hys hors fyne.
For the palmers slauyne.
Beuys went to the castel gate.
Many palmers he fonde therat.
Beuys sayde bzethetne dere.
For what thynge abyde ye here.
They answerde hym that there stode.
We stande here for to haue some gode.
Beuys sayde who shal vs gode do.
The quene they sayde we byleue so
For al that she hathe fonde here.
Euery day this seuen yere.
Gode chere she dothe them make.
Onys on a day for goddys sake.
And also she dothe it by my crowne.
For beuys loue of Hampton.
Than sayde beuys for crystes ore.
Tel me nowe ye palmers pore.
whan this almys shalbe done.
Syr they sayde at after none.
Beuys sayde yet is it but erly day.
Therfore he went fro them away.
He thought he wolde go spye & se.
Howe that it myght best be.
Than as he cam by a turret.
That in the castel wal was set.
He herde Josian wepe and crye.
Thyder than went he to espye.

Alas she sayde for syr beuys.
He gentyl knyght of south hampton is.
whether I shal neuer se that day.
That I wyth hym spekemay.
But Jesu cryste I the pray.
Helpe me nowe as thou best may.
This seuen yere euery day.
Iosian that fayr may.
was wont suche sorowe for to make.
For syr beuys of hamptons sake.
Sone after she went to the gate thore.
For to let in the palmers pore.
Beuys hyed fast to the gate.
Lyst he shulde haue come to late.
The palmers presed in fast.
Beuys abode and was the last.
Unto the hal she led them than.
Than vnto beuys sayde Iosian.
Palmer thou semest best to me.
Therfore men shal worshyp the.
Begyn the borde I the pray.
Thou semest best withouten nay.
whan the palmers were al set.
Mete and drynke was to them fet.
Than dyd Iosian to beuys say.
Tel me palmer by thy fay.
Hardest thou euer tel.
In any londe there it befel.
Eyther in fride or ellys in towne.
Of syr beuys of hampton.

I shal make hym ryche wythout lesynge.
That can tel me of hym tydynge.
ye dame sayde beuys and loughe.
Syr beuys knowe I wel ynoughe.
At home in his owne cuntre.
I am an Erle and so is he.
There he loued me wel I wys.
Ye was my felawe and I was his.
At home he gan me moche tel.
Of an horse called Arundel.
I haue asked in many a londe.
For that horse I vnderstonde.
I haue hym sought both farre and nere.
But euer men say that he is here.
Ryght as ye loue that same knyght.
Late me haue of that horse a syght.
Than the quene without fable.
Led Beuys into the stable.
The quene bagan beuys to beholde.
Than vnto bonyface she tolde.
I trowe she sayde by my crowne.
This is syr Beuys of hampton.
But beuys browe was neuer borne.
Sythe he was of his moder borne.
whan beuys into the stable cam.
Lyghtly to arundel he ranne.
He sayde arundel god the saue.
without the towne I wolde the haue.
wyth the come I neuer to mambraunt.
But with me thou shuldest to England.

He brast in sonder cheynes seuen.
whan he harde beuys steuen.
Of the stable ran he out.
And many one put he in great dout.
Alas sayde Iosian tho.
For arundel I am ful wo.
For he wyl be many a mannys bane.
Ere that he agayne be tane.
Nay nay sayde beuys and loughe.
I can take hym wel ynoughe.
So that ye wyl gyue me leue.
I shal hym take wythout greue.
To take the horse she hym prayde.
And lede hym vp the lady sayde.
Let there be no more dystaunce.
And I shal after the auaunce.
I graunt sayde beuys by goddys dome.
whan Arundel sawe his lorde come.
He wolde neyther stryke ne lope.
Tyl beuys fote was in the styrope.
Beuys hym selfe in the sadyl threwe.
And therby Iosian anon hym knewe.
She sayde beuys loue dere.
Ryde nat fro me in no manere.
Thou promysed me to wyfe to take.
whan I my fals goddys dyd forsake.
Helpe me beuys at this nede.
For thou hast arundel thyn owne stede.
I shal the fetche thy swerde morglay.
And lede me beuys wyth the away.

Syr beuys sayde by saynt Jame.
If I the loue I were to blame.
For the I lay in prysone stronge.
Seuen yere and that was longe.
Also the patriarke on my lyfe.
Charged me neuer to take wyfe.
But if she were a mayden clene.
And seuen yere thou hast ben quene.
And euery nyght a knyght by the.
How wel shuldest thou than a maydenhe.
Mercy syr beuys than sayde she.
Haue me home to thy cuntre.
But ye fynde me a true woman.
In al that euer ye say can.
Sende me hyder to my fo.
My selfe naked and no mo.
I graunt sayde beuys that thou wyth me go.
On that couenaunt that it be so.
Hye the fast and make the prest
If thou wyth me go lest.
Bonyface stode a lytel besyde.
And herde theyr counsel in that tyde.
Syr beuys he sayde it is peryl.
I shal you tel a better skyl.
The kynge is gone on huntynge certayne.
And sone wyl he retourne agayne.
If he fynde we be away.
He wyl pursue bothe nyght and day.
wyth al his great chyualry.
Than we for our trechery.

Thorough the towne shal drawen be.
And after hanged vpon a tre.
Syr beuys he sayde I wyl you rede.
Arundel to stable agayne ye lede.
And at the gate ye shal abyde.
For whan the kynge doth in ryde.
He wyl of you aske tydynges I wene.
In what cuntrees ye haue ben.
ye shal tel hym redely.
That ye come out of surry.
Tel that londe is greatly noyed.
The townes brent & men destroyed.
And that kynge bradwyn is.
In poynt to lese his londe I wys.
Thorough kynge Syracke wythouten fayle.
whyche often tymes doth hym assayle.
Loke ye tel hym none other.
For kynge bradwyne is his broder.
And whan he hereth this tydynge.
He wyl go thyder wyth great hastynge.
with al his power and al his oste.
Than may we go wyth lytel boste.
Than sayde beuys I holde me payde.
He led vp the horse as he sayde.
Sone after cam the kynge from huntynge.
And at beuys he asked tydynge.
Unto the kynge tolde beuys thore.
As bonyface tolde hym before.
I haue great wonder sayde kynge lour.
That he sendeth nat hyder for socour.

The messangers were taken kyue.
Syr beuys sayde by my kyue.
That cam fro kynge bradwyne.
I the tel by goddys pyne.
kynge Syrracke hathe them in holde.
I trowe it be nat to bradmonde tolde.
Certaynly sayde kynge Jour
I wyl haste me to that stoure.
For to helpe to venge my broder.
In his ryght agaynst that other.
Than kynge sour withe al his chyualry.
Forthe went vnto Surry.
But his stywarde syr grally.
He left at home ful redely.
Than cam togeder in that sale.
Beuys Jolian and bonyface.
Nowe is tyme sayde beuys to go.
Nay sayde bonifface ye shal nat so
The kynges stywarde syr grally.
Is made kepar of my lady.
I knowe a gralle he sayde I wys.
That of suche vertue is.
That who euer therof do drynke.
It wyl make theyr syen to wynke.
This gralle shal make them slepe by myght.
Al a day and al a nyght.
Had grally dronke this gralle in swyne.
Than myght we go wyth counsel myn.
whan bonyface had done that thynge.
Up they rose wythout lesynge.

On the morowe wythouten mys.
Iolian bonyface and beuys.
They purueyed them as they wolde.
Bothe of syluer and of golde.
They hyed them forthe on theyr way.
Syr grally awoke on the other day.
whan he wyst the quene was gone.
wyth the palmer he made great mone.
He myde his men them to dyght.
And gadred great power for to fyght.
Than he rode forthe al by dene.
After the palmer and the quene.
Al mambraunt after them drought.
wepened and armed wel ynought.
On euery syde a great rout.
They beset beuys rounde about.
Than sayde beuys to bouyface.
Thou seest we be in straunge case.
Thou shalt wyth Iolian abyde here styl.
Tyl I go fyght wyth them my fyl.
They shal abye if that I may.
For I haue rested me many a day.
Had ye neuer so gode gamynge.
As ye shal se whan we at samynge
Nay sayde bonyface tho.
Forsothe it shal nat be so.
I shal brynge you in lesse dout.
we at beset rounde about.
A lytel space besyde vs here.
Is a caue in a roche nere.

were we onys therin brought.
For them al I care ryght nought.
To the caue nowe haue they thought.
Grally sought and fonde them nought.
And therfore he was ful wo.
Therfore agayne home warde dyd he go.
In that caue they were al nyght.
wythout mete or drynke I you plyght.
Iolian on the morowe hungred sore.
And vnto beuys complayned therfore.
Beuys sayde to bonyface.
Kepe here Iolian in this place.
And I wol on this hyl go.
If I may any beste slo.
That we may on the coles cast.
For Iolyan may nat wel fast.
Forthe went beuys in that stounde.
wyth hym he led a gode grehounde.
Than whan syr beuys went them fro.
Into the caue cam lyons two.
Grennynge and rampynge wyth theyr fete.
And bothe on bonyface gan they lepe.
His hors vnto hym he drought.
And armed hym wel ynought.
He gaue them batayle for to fyght.
But al to lytel was his myght.
For anone they hym slewe.
And hym and his hors al to gnewe.
whan they had eten of that man.
They went bothe vnto Iolian.

And layde they⁊ hedes in hy⁊ barme.
But they wolde do hy⁊ no harme.
Fo⁊ it is the lyons kynde I wys.
A kynges doughter that mayden is.
Hurt no⁊ harme none to do.
Therfo⁊e lay these lyons so.
whan Beuys cam from huntynge.
In the caue at the begynnyge.
As he went inwarde fo⁊ the nonys.
He sawe a man gnawen al to the bones.
Into the caue than went he.
To se what case there myght be.
Iolian sat in moche dout.
And two lyons hy⁊ about.
Gode syr sayde Iolian tho.
Come venge me of these lyons two.
Fo⁊ ryght nowe haue they slayne.
Bonyface my chamberlayne.
The one lyon wyl I holde.
whyle ye make the other colde.
About the necke she toke the one.
But beuys bad hy⁊ lat hym gone.
I say Iolian let them ben.
I se thou art a mayden clene.
what maystry is it them to slo.
In bondes whan thou holdest them so.
Late them come to me both.
O⁊ elles fo⁊sothe I wol be lothe.
She lete go the lyon wythout mys.
And bothe they assayled sy⁊ beuys.

Stronge and perylous was that fyght.
Bytwene the lyons and the knyght.
They gaue hym woundes longe & wyde.
And tare his armour on euery syde.
Beuys loked on Iollan.
And suche a conſoyt toke he than.
That thoughe the lyons were grym and lothe.
At one ſtroke he ſlewe them both.

For bonyface ful wo was he.
But whan he sawe no bote wolde be.
He toke vp Iosian in that tyde.
And on his way forth gan tyde.
They had nat tyden but a whyle.
Nat the mountenaunce of a myle.
But they met wyth a geant.
wyth ful sory semblant.
This geant was hythe myghty & stronge.
And fully thyrty foot lenge.
He was bristeled lyke a sowe.
A fote he had betwene eche browe.
Hys lyppes were great & hanged syde.
His yen were holowe his mouth was wyde
Lothely he was to loke on than.
And lyker a deuyl than a man.
His staf was a youge oke.
Harde and heuy was his stroke.
Beuys wondred on hym ryght.
And hym enquyred what he hyght.
And if al the men of his cuntre.
were as myghty and great as he.
My name he layde is Alcaparde.
Syr grally sent me hyder warde.
For to bryngе you home agayne.
And nowe I am very fayne.
That I haue you here founde.
For bothe togeder ye shalbe bounde.
Than shal I lede you to mamdraunt.
wyth a ful sory semblaunt.

yet sayde beuys thou mayst sayle.
I shal fyrst fle thym batayle.
Of arundel downe he lyght.
And toke hym to Josian the bryght.
Than beuys wyth a bolde hart.
wyth morglay assayled ascaparde.
Bytwene them two was great fyght.
Syr beuys was bothe nemble and wyght
And start away from his dynt.
whan ascaparde at hym dyd mynt.
Ik his hart shulde haue brast.
He coude no stroke on beuys fast.
For had he hyt syr beuys onys.
He wolde haue broken al his his bonys.
Beuys skypped here and there.
And gaue hym woundes wyde and sore.
Than ascaparde was ful wo.
And smote at syr beuys tho.
He smote to hyt syr beuys crowne.
His fote fayled and he fel downe.
And or that he aryse myght.
Beuys was redy wyth his sworde bryght.
To haue smyten of his hede.
But Josyan dyd it forbede.
Syr sir he sayde ye shal hym saue.
And late hym lyue and be your knaue.
Nay he sayde he wyl vs betray.
I wyl be borowe she sayde nay.
Ascaparde made beuys homage.
And in that place becam his page.

Than went they forthe'al thre.
Tyl they cam to the se.
A dromonde fonde they redy thare.
Into crystendome for to fare.
There were sarazyns great plente.
That letted beuys therin to be.
whan ascaparde harde of that.
Anone he toke hym to his bat.

And droue them out wyth moche harme.
And bare arundel vnder his arme.
Beuys and Iolian to shyp he bare.
And dzewe vp the sayle & made them fare.
They sayled forth soth to sayne.
Unto the hauen of colryne.
Beuys went into the londe
And sone a frende there he fonde.
The bysshop of that towne parcas.
To fyr beuys belyb was.
Syr beuys gret wel the bysshop bolde.
And what he was to hym he tolde.
Than was the bysshop wel apayde.
My dere colyn welcome he sayde.
That I you se I am ful fayne.
Sothly I wende ye had ben slayne.
whens he sayde is this lady shene.
Beuys sayde of hethenes a quene.
For hyr haue I suffred moche peyne.
And she wolde become crysten fayne.
what is sayde he this bad vysage.
Syr sayde beuys he is my page.
I pray you crysten hym also.
Thoughe he be bothe blacke and blo.
The bysshop crystened Iolian.
That was as whyte as any swan.
For alcaparde was made a tonne.
And whan he shulde therin be done.
He lept out vpon the dzenche.
And sayde churle wylt thou me dzenche.

The deuyl of hel mot fetche the:
I am to moche crystened to be.
The folke had gode game and loughe.
But the bysshop was wrothe ynoughe.
BEuys is nowe in coleyne londe.
Thorowghe myght of crystes honde.
There he gate great renowne.
For the sleynge of a dragowne.
For whan syr launcelot du lake.
Faught wyth the brennynge drake.
Guy of warwycke I vnderstonde:
slewe a dragon in Northumberlonde.
But suche a dragon was neuer sene.
As syr beuys slewe I wene.
Beuys went to bed at nyght.
with moche ioy and torches bryght.
And after hys fyrst slepynge.
He herde a rufful cryenge.
The voyce sayde in his crye.
Lorde Jesu haue on me mercy.
I rotte he sayde bone by bone.
My deth is comynge me vpon.
Beuys had therof great sorowe.
And asked men there on the morowe.
He aske them what was that crye.
They answered and tolde hym why:
They sayde it was a noble knyght.
That was stronge and bolde in fyght.
And as he rode out of the towne.
He met wyth a fel dragon.

That hath venym vpon hym throwe.
There lyeth the knyght al to blowe.
And I shal tel you al the cas.
Howe of the dragon the comynge was.
In Calaber as men tel.
were two dragons great and fel.
These two dragons there dyd fyght.
Seuen yere bothe day and nyght.
They destroyed both man and beste.
On euery syde bothe west and este.
There was a man in that londe.
That was ful of goddys sonde.
He prayed vnto god aboue.
That he wolde for his moders loue.
Delyuer out by his holy grace.
These two dragons out of that place.
Than these two dragons downe fel
They had no power there to dwel.
Than flewe they to Tuskayne.
Many men there haue they slayne.
From tuskayne vnto lumbardye.
There they dyd great velany.
The one dragon by goddys dome.
Flewe vnto the court of rome
He there rested his curled bonys
In seuen yere he styreth nat onys.
Men say he is there yet.
Encloled wyth clerkes wyt.
The other dragon I vnderstonde.
Flewe hyder to coleyne londe.

wythin a myle there lyeth he.
But a myle from the se.
In colcyne londe al about.
They haue of hym great dout.
That dragon was here this nyght.
And hath destroyed the forsayde knyght.
Lorde Jesu cryst sayde beuys tho.
May no man that dragon slo.
Nay they sayde wythout fable
Al cristendome were nat able.
But if myghel from heuen come downe,
Shal no man sle that dragon.
Beuys called alcaparde hym to.
And asked hym what was best to do.
He sayde wylt thou wyth me go.
And assay that dragon for to slo.
Parchaunce if we wyth hym fyght.
we shal hym sle wyth goddys myght.
I am redy sayde Alcaparde I the hyght.
Haue do and go we thyder tyght.
Beuys hym armed and forth gan ryde
And alcaparde by his syde.
whan they were out of the cyte.
And nere the place where they shulde be.
The dragon kest vp a yelle.
That it wolde haue frayed the deuyl of hel.
Alcaparde sayde wyth heuy chere.
Herest thou mayster what I here.
yes sayde beuys haue no dout.
The dragon is nere here about.

Boldly to hym shal we go.
wyth goddys grace we shal hym slo.
Beuys rode forthe a fast pase.
where he thought the dragon was.
Forloth syr sayde ascapardo tho.
I wyl agayne home warde go.
For I wolde nat for al pany.
Se the deuyl that made that crye.
what deuyl sayde beuys art thou so mad.
I wende no thynge myght make the adrad.
For shame shalt thou aferde be.
Of any thynge or thou it se.
Syr he sayde wyth heuy chere.
I wyl hym neyther se nor here.
wel sayde beuys wylt thou so.
I shal hym se or that I go.
Ascapardo ferther wolde nought.
But beuys rode forthe and sought.
And whan the dragon that foule is.
Had a syght of syr beuys.
He cast vp a loude crye.
As it had thundred in the skye.
He tourned his bely agaynst the sonne.
whyche was as great as any tonne.
His skales bryghter were than glasse.
And moche harder than any brasse.
Bytwene his shulders and his tayle.
was. xl. fote wythouten fayle.
He weltred out of his denne.
Beuys pryked his stede then.

And to hym a spere he thrast.
That al to sheuers it brast.
Than dyd the dragon beuys assayle.
And so sore smote hym wyth hys tayle.
That to the grounde he hym cast.
And two of hys rybbes he brast.
Up stert beuys wyth gode wyl.
And after ranne the dragon tyl.
Than gode morglay out he brayde.
And on the dragon fast he layde.
But for no stroke that he dyd smyte.
wolde nat morglay on hym byte.
The dragon was agreued sore.
And smote at beuys more and more.
There had he many a great wounde.
And often was felled to the grounde.
what for wery and what for faynt.
Syr beuys was nerehande attaynt.
The dragon sued on beuys so harde.
That as he shulde haue fled backwarde.
There was a wel so haue I wynne.
And beuys stumbled ryght therin.
Than was beuys aferde and wo.
Lest the dragon wolde hym slo.
Or that he myght away pas.
whan he in that wel was.
Than was that wel of suche vertue.
Thorough the myght of cryste Jesu.
For somtyme dwelled in that londe.
A hyrgyn full of goddys sonde.

That had ben bathed in that wel.
That neuer after as men tel.
Myght venymous beste come therin.
By the vertue of that vyrgyn.
Nor nere it by seuen fote and more.
Than was beuys glad wythout sore.
whan beuys sawe the dragon fel.
Had no myght to come nere that wel.
Than was he glad wythout fayle.
And rested hym there for his auayle.
Than of that water he dranke his fyl.
And than lept out wyth gode wyl.
And wyth morglay his bryght bronde
He assayled the dragon I vnderstonde.
Upon the dragon he smote so fast.
where euer he hyt the skales brast.
The dragon was ataynt sore.
And cast a galon and more.
Out of his mouthe of venym stronge.
And on beuys he it stonge.
It was so venymous I wys.
That whan it was on syr beuys.
Al his armour brake that stounde.
And beuys fel dede to the grounde.
There was no lyfe in hym sene.
But lay as dede vpon the grene.
The dragon smote beuys wythout fayle.
That he turned hym top ouer tayle.
But therof toke he no kepe.
He lay as dede man on slepe

He ſmote beuys as I you tel.
That he tumbled into the wel.
That was of great vertue that tyme.
For it wolde ſuffer no venyme.
Thorough vertue of that vyrgyn.
That ſomtyme was bathed therin.
whan beuys was at the wellys grounde.
The water made hym hole and ſounde.
And quenched the venym away.
That wel ſaued hym that day.
whan beuys felt hym hole and lyght:
And wyſt that wel of ſo great myght.
Than was he a ioyful man.
And was as freſſhe as whan he began.
Than kneled he downe the ſothe to ſay
To Jeſu cryſte gan he pray.
That he wolde ſende hym myght
To ſle the dragon in that fyght.
Beuys bleſſyd hym & forthe yode.
He lept forth wyth hart ful gode.
Than to the dragon he hyed is.
And alſo the dragon to fyr beuys.
Longe and harde was the fyght.
Byt wene the dragon and the knyght.
But whan fyr beuys was hurt ſore.
He went to the wel & weſſhed hym thore.
He was as hole and ſounde than.
As he was whan he began.
The dragon ſawe it myght nat auayle.
Beſyde that wel to holde batayle.

He thought he wolde by some wyle.
Of that place beuys begyle.
He wolde haue flowen than away.
But beuys lept after wyth gode morglay.
And hyt the dragon vnder the wynge.
Ryght as he was fleynge.
There was he tender wythout skale.
So beuys thought to be his bale.
He smote after as I you say.
wyth his swerde gode morgley.
That in vnto the hyltes it yode.
Thorough hert lyuer bone and blode.
That to the grounde the dragon fel.
Than gladder was beuys than tunge coude tel
Under the skale al on hyght.
The dragons hede he smote of tyght.
And stake it vpon his spere.
But vnethys he myght it bere.
Than towarde coleyne he went that tyde.
wyth moche ioy myrthe and pryde.
whan they of the cyte sawe beuys.
Come wyth the dragons hede I wys.
Al the bellys gan they ryng.
Prestes & clerkes agayne hym dyd synge.
They brought beuys so into the towne
wyth fayre procession & great renowne.
Than was beuys in great honoure.
Euery man had hym in fauour.
In euery londe he prayfed was:
And welcomed to euery place.

Fayne was the byſſhop tho.
That ſyr beuys had borne hym ſo.
Beuys went vpon a day.
To the byſſhops chamber where he lay.
And ſayde ſyr what is your rede.
I wolde go venge my faders dede.
Of that wycked felon.
That ſlewe my fader wyth treaſon.
If I myght fynde auauntage.
To wyn agayne myn herytage.
Syr ye be my faders broder.
And ſyr ſabere is the other.
Of you two wolde I haue counſayle.
For certys that theſe wyl I aſſayle.
Syr ſayde the byſſhop anon ryght.
Syr ſaber is a doughty knyght.
For euery yere a day certayne.
He fyghteth thy ſtepfader agayne.
wyth great baronage.
For to wynne thyn herytage.
An hundreth men ſhalt thou haue of me.
At thy nede for to ſocour the.
Therfore go thou to ſabere ryght.
For he is in the yle of wyght.
I thanke you ſayde beuys verely.
But late theſe men be ſone redy.
Syr beuys anon rode than.
And toke his leue at Joſyan.
He ſayde my lady I muſt go.
To be auenged on my fo.

For to wyn into my honde.
Wyn herytage and my londe
And here styl shalt thou be.
And alcaparde shal byde wyth the
ye shal haue or I wende.
Woney ynoughe for to spende.
Jolyan sawe it wolde be so.
She kysled hym and forth gan go.
Forth went beuys wyth his route.
Of hardy men hym about.
That the bysshop hym gaue.
So longe on the se they draue.
Tyl they cam to a towne.
But two myle from south hampton.
Beuys sayde to his men tho.
Is here any that wyl go.
Unto syr murdour of almayne.
And say here is come a brytayne.
And doughty knyghtes wythout distaũce.
The best of al the royalme of fraunce.
And say we come into this londe.
For we be done to vnderstande.
That there shulde be great warre and fyght.
Bytwene hym and another knyght.
And if he wol vs wyth hym holde.
we wol defende hym as barons bolde.
And if he wol nat do so.
we wol to the other ga.
A knyght went forth on that message.
That gentel was of his langage.

whan he cam to the castel gate.
The porter lete hym in therat.
Unto syr murdour was helad.
They tolde hym as syr beuys bad.
Syr murdour than was ful fayne.
He rose vp and went hym agayne.
And brought syr beuys into the hal.
And ful fayre welcomed them al.
Beuys was syr murdours fere.
Forsoth that nyght at soupere.
His owne moder wythout lesynge.
Made syr beuys great festynge.
Murdour asked hym what he hyght.
Jarrarde he sayde syr J you plyght.
Jarrarde he sayde J wys.
This countes had J or thys.
An Erle hyr had or J hyr wed.
He gate a chylde on hyr in bed.
whan the erle to dethe was brought.
The boy anon wexed ryght nought.
For his fadet was of symple blode.
The boy neuer drewe to gode.
So whan the boy cam to age.
He solde to me his heritage.
He spent the syluer with moche blame.
And went out of this londe for shame.
Nowe cometh his eame an hardy knyght.
That dwelleth in the yle of wyght.
And chalangeth his heritage.
wyth ful great baronage.

And oft tymes wyth his great rout.
Destroyeth our londe al about.
This is the cause Syr Jarrarde.
That we warre togeder so harde.
whan syr murdour had al sayde.
Beuys sate styl & was euyl apayde.
He sayde lorde whether shal I slo.
This fals traytour or I go.
Nay he sayde and reason why.
It wolde turne me to velany.
For men myght wene by treason.
That I hym slewe by gyle and treason.
It wolde turne me to cowardyse.
If I slewe hym in this wyse.
I wyl hym nat here assayle.
But I shal hym sle in pleyne batayle.
whan beuys a whyle had sytten styl.
Syr he sayde wol ye here my skyl.
I haue hyder company brought.
But in armour be they nought.
They myght none armour wyth them lede.
But if it noyed them as they yede.
And fewe horses I wys haue we.
we lete for cartage of the se.
Lene me horse & armour then.
Bothe for me & al my men.
Let vs haue shyppynge to.
And we shal to that yle go.
This nyght I wyl lyue and dye.
On hym that is thyn enemye.

And so wythin a lytel whyle.
ye shal here a quaynt gyle.
Syr murdoure dyd as beuys hym bede.
And lent his men armour and stede.
He ordeyned them shyppynge gode.
And than brought beuys vnto the flode.
Than sayled they forth ryght.
Tyl they cam to the yle of wyght.
Sabere out of his castel lay.
And harde moche noyse & great aray.
He sawe a shyp to londe was pyght.
wyth an hundred hedes wyth helmes bryght.
He had great wonder what they were
But beuys dysplayed his baner there.
For to make syr sabere chere.
Of hys fadery syr guyes armere.
For many a tyme there before.
were those armes in batayle borne.
Sabere knewe the conysaunt.
And therfore made he gode semblaunt.
He sayde certys I vnderstande.
That yonder is beuys come to lande.
Sabere went thyder in haste.
There as the shyp was made fast.
He welcomed beuys I wys.
And eyther gan other kysse.
He thanked god of his grace.
That beuys was come into that place.
Than forth went beuys and sabere.
wyth theyre men al in fere.

Beuys dyd his eame to wete.
Howe his stepfader and he dyd mete.
And beuys asked forth wyth than.
If that there were any man.
That durst go as hote.
Unto hampton in a bote.
And tel to syr murdour ryght.
That I am no frenche knyght.
Nor he hyght nat syr Jarrarde.
That made wyth hym that forwarde.
But say it was beuys of renowne.
The ryght heyre of south hampton.
And say his countesse is my dame.
The deuyl gyue them bothe shame.
And say I wyl auenged be.
Of that they dyd to my fader and me.
And who so wyl this for me do.
Wythout rewarde he shal nat go.
Up start a knyght wyth bolde vysage.
And vndertoke that same message.
He armed hym also hot.
And was brought ouer in a bote.
Whan he cam to the other syde.
Unto the castel gan he ryde.
He fonde syr murdour at his soupere.
Wyth gode semblant and great chere.
The knyght vpon his kne hym set.
And curtesly syr murdour he gret.
He sayde syr murdour I the brynge.
Suche a certayne tydynge.

That the knyght hyght nat Jaerarde.
That made wyth the that forwarde.
But he hyght beuys of Hampton.
He is thy ladyes owne sonne.
I harde hym so to sabere speke.
His faders deth he wyl awreke.
And wyn agayne hys heritage.
Of them that haue done hym outrage.
whan syr murdour herde that worde.
He cast his knyfe ouer the borde.
To haue hit the messangere.
But he fayled as ye may here.
And smote his owne son in the brest.
That he spake neuer wyth clerke nor preste.
Than arose a noys and a crye.
The messanger dyd hym thens hye.
For it was nat gode to byde there longe.
Therfore he lept out them amonge.
Than fayre and wel he gan hym dyght.
Tyl he come to the yle of wyght.
He tolde syr beuys and syr sabere.
Howe syr murdour sat at soupere.
And his owne son for Ire he sloughe.
Beuys therat had game and loughe.
And gaue the messangere for his tydynge.
Syxty florens of rede golde shynynge.

Howe a knyght that hyght Myle.
cam & wowed Josian & wedded hyr
gaynst hyr wyl.

Late we of beuys be styl than.
And speke we nowe of Jolyan.
That in coleyne dwelled styl.
There she had nat al hyr wyl.
There dwelled an erle called myle.
In the londe of coleyne that whyle.
To Jolyan his loue he cast.
And wowed hyr wondr fast.
But al his speche turned to nought.
For he coude nat chaunge hyr thought.
The erle was wroth in his manere,
For she made hym no better chere.
Than in Ire downe he hym set.
And to Jolian spake wordes gret.
I wyl do wyth the my wyl.
whether it lyke the wel or yl.
Syr sayde Jolyan thy bost late be.
I dede the nat so mot I the.
For if thou go to the harde.
I affye me in ascaparde.
Certys than thought the erle myle.
I shal ascaparde begyle.
whan he sawe he myght nat spede.
Up he rose and forthe he yede.
He made a letter be wryten tyght.
On this maner it was dyght.
From beuys as the letter wolde.
That ascaparde come sholde.
Unto a castel that stode in an yle.
It was from coleyne but a myle.

whan ascaparde herde that sonde.
He toke his great staf in his honde.
And went forth with that messangere.
In great haste tyl he cam there.
whan ascaparde was within.
The messangere was quaynt of gynne.
wythin he left ascaparde.
And locked the gates after hym harde.
Than rowed he to londe agayne.
And tolde syr myle of that trayne.
Than had Erle myle of no thynge dred.
To Jolian agayne he yede.
He sayde Jolian make no mone.
For ascaparde is fro the gone.
In a castel within the se.
Locked fast forsoth is he.
Than was Jolian nat wel apayde.
She called a messanger ȝ to hym sayde.
Go thou to shyp this same nyght.
And passe forthe to the yle of wyght.
And byd syr beuys for any thynge.
Come to me wythout lettyng
If he wyl haue me on lyue.
wherfore I pray the go belyue.
Thy reward I shal the pay.
Spede the thyder wythout delay.
The messanger went on his way.
There was no more to say.
So myles sone after than.
Cam agayne to Jolian.

And fyrst wolde haue lyne hyr by.
I pray the syr she sayde merry.
For I haue swore by goddys payne.
That I shal neuer be belayne.
Thoughe I therfore shulde lese my lyfe.
Tyl I be a wedded wyfe.
If thou wylt me spouse & wed.
I wyl go wyth the to bed.
Gladly Jolyan than sayde he.
To morowe we shal we wedded be.
He kyssed hyr anon as ryght is.
And sende after barons & knyghtes.
That were of his pryuyte.
At his weddyuge for to be.
For he wolde wed hyr pryuely.
In the morynynge erly.
Erly on the morynynge he forgat nought.
Bothe they were to the churche brought.
The Erle gan Jolan wed.
Both to borde and to bed.
whan the weddynge was al done.
By than it was hye none.
Erles and barons sone were set.
And ryche metes forthe were fet.
Ther lacked none verely.
Of ryche metes and mynstrelsy.
whan it drewe towarde nyght.
A ryche souper there was dyght.
And after that serament.
The knyght and she to chamber went.

Of the caſtel that he was in loken.
A turret he had al to broken.
He was ſo wo and ſo wode
That he lept into the flode.
And faſt by hym alſo hote.
Cam a fyſſher wyth his bote.
Than aſcaparde toke the bote in hande.
And rowed hym ſelfe to the londe.
Towarde the folke faſt gan he loke.
Beuys cam after and hym ouertoke.
He ſayde thefe where haſte thou bene.
why kepeſt thou no better my quene.
Syr beuys lorde mercy he ſayde.
The Erle myle had me betrayde.
Towarde the fyre they hyed them blyue.
The preſte that dyd Jolyan ſhryue.
Cryſtys bleſſynge haue he amonge.
For that he taryed hyr ſo longe.
whan the fyre was al redy.
In hyr ſmocke ſhe ſtode therby.
Ryght as they ſhulde hyr brenne.
On arundel beuys gan renne.
And in his hande gode morglay.
But aſcaparde went by another way.
Than al that beuys about hyr founde.
He ſlewe and feiled to the grounde.
There was neyther knyght nor ſwayne.
That paſſed away that tyme vnſlayne.
And al made the fals erle myle.
By his treaſon and his gyle.

Beuys toke wyth hym than
Bothe alcaparde and Jolian.
And went forth anone ryght.
Tyl they cam to the Ile of wyght.
Syr labere welcomed wyth gode hert
Both beuys Jolyan and alcaparde.

¶ Howe beuys & labere sent theyr messangers into diuers cuntres for men of armes to fyght a-gaynst syr murdour of almayne. and after how y' syr murdours oste by beuys was discomfyted & howe alcaparde bare murdour & his hors into the castel where he was soden to deth & caudrō.

Than Beuys and sabere sende theyr sōde
wyde about in euery londe
After great chyualry
Of stalworth knyghtes and hardy.
That they myght fynde then.
Of euery londe the doughtyest men.
They spared neyther syluer nor golde.
For the best men haue they wolde.
Beuys was curtes and fre.
To euery man in his degre.
There cam erles and barons I wys.
For to socour syr beuys.
There came knyghtes squyers & pages.
Echone had of hym gode wages.
And ryche gyftes more and lesse.
Eche man after his doughtynesse.
Therfore eche man vnto hym sought.
He toke and left what hym best thought.
Euer he chase hym of the beste.
That he coude fynde eyther este or west.
Syr murdour moche sorowe made he
whan he sawe beuys had suche a meyne.
The countesse sayde drede ye nought.
of gode counsel I am bethought.
ye shal sende in certayne.
After the power of almayne.
Also ye shal sende your sonde.
After my fader into Skotlonde.
He wyl come to you redely.
wyth a ful great company.

And we may haue many mo
Out of Englonde and wales allo
wherfore shulde ye drede then
whyle ye may haue so many men
If beuys le you haue suche a rout
He wyl fle awy for dout
Syr murdour dyd by hyr counsayle
The messanger went wythout fayle
Than afterwarde without lesynge
to hampton cam both prynce & kynge
Ther cam wyth the kynge of skotlande
The noumber of seuen thoulande
There cam out of almayne
wyth syr moryce of wayne
Syr thoulande wyth helmes bryght
And wel armed for to fyght
And syr murdour had allo
Thre thoulande hym selfe and mo
Nowe lordynges sayd syr murdour
That hyther be come me to socour
Oft ye haue herde speke parde
Of the stryfe hyt wene sabere and me
Nowe is come to helpe hym to fyght
Syr beuys of hampton a noble knyght
wel I wende he had ben dede
what is therfore your best rede
He threteneth me to be slayne
And that he wyl wynne his londe agayne
A geant wyth hym hathe he brought
Erthely man semeth he nought

Neyther of flesshe nor of fel.
For he is lyke the deuyl of hel.
Wen cal hym alcaparde about.
Of hym forsoth I haue great dout.
Lordynges he sayde arme you wele.
Both in Iren and in stele.
Thoughe alcaparde be neuer so starke.
Many handes make lyght warke.
whan they were al armed and dyght.
They shypped to the Ile of wyght.
Al the yle was bespred.
wyth the power that syr murdour led.
Syr sabere loked out at a toure.
And sawe the oste of syr murdour.
Than smartly downe gan he go.
For to tel syr beuys so.
He sayde beuys by my counsayle.
I trowe it shulde vs best auayle.
within this castel to holde vs styl.
And to defende vs from al yl.
For suche an oste as hath murdour.
Sawe I neuer in no stour.
Do way sabere sayde beuys tho.
For tf they were as many mo.
Agaynst vs shulde they haue no myght
They haue the wronge and we the ryght.
Haste you lordynges beuys gan cryc.
That ye were armed haskely.
And ye shal haue syr sabere.
Thre thousande vnder your banere.

And as many shal I lede
Of doughty men and gode at nede.
For I wyl haue the forewarde.
And than he sayde to alcaparde.
Thou shalt byde behynde truly.
wyth thre thousande of men hardy.
And whan we haue medled a stounde.
And echone brought other to geounde.
whan the batayle is moste stronge.
Hye the thyder and dwel nat longe.
For thre thousande of freshe men.
Gode dedys shal do then.
Than beuys gan his horne blowe.
That his meu myght hym knowe.
By that blowynge knewe syr murdour.
That they gadred to that stour.
He sayde lordynges wythouten kayle.
Nowe come youre ennemyes to batayle.
Be ye hardy and stout also.
For we be as many mo.
Two batayles gan they make.
The kynge of Skotlonde the one gan take.
Syr murdour the other lad.
Eyther of them .x. thousande had
The fyrste that of the castel cam out.
was syr beuys wyth his rout.
And sabere wyth his company.
Cam after ful boldly.
Eyther oste gan other defye.
Than medled they ful cruelly.

Than ſyr morys of vyayne
Faſt rode ſyr ſabere agayne.
Syr ſabere defended hym I wys.
And ſuche a ſtroke he haue morys.
That quyte away gan he cleue.
For the ſhulder arme and ſleue.
Afore the preas went ſyr beuys.
On eche ſyde he felled them downe I wys.
There myght none armoure agaynſt hym ſtõde
That ſawe the kynge of Skotlonde.
He prealed forth wyth his rout.
And beſet ſyr beuys rounde about.
Than began beuys to play.
And to get hym rowme wyth gode morglay
yet wolde he nat ſtynt ſo.
Tyl he went the kynge vnto.
And ſuche a ſtroke he hym lent.
That his hors on the grounde went.
But ſuche ſocour cam tho.
That beuys muſt thens go.
But or he was horſed agayne.
Many of his men had beuys ſlayne.
Beuys thorough the preas dyd ryde.
And them ouerthrewe on euery ſyde.
He wolde nat ſtynt in that ſtour.
Tyl he cam to ſyr murdour.
Traytour he ſayde wyth great enuye.
Turne the nowe I the defye.
Whan murdour ſawe he was ſo beſted.
He tourned his backe and wolde haue fled.

And wyth gode morglay after smote he.
He fayled of hym & that was pyte.
For by his backe the stroke fel downe,
And hyt vpon hys sadyl cropowne.
yet wyth his stroke in that stounde.
He smote his hors vnto the grounde.
But than cam hastely socour.
And horsed agayne syr murdour.
Than boldly dyd he abyde
The people were slayne on euery syde.
Beuys rode forth on arundel.
On euery syde he dyd them fel.
Some lay bledynge as a bore.
Some were so hyt that they spake no more.
Of some the lyppes he dyd so pare.
That men myght se theyr tethe bare.
None went vnmarked away.
That beuys hyt wyth morglay.
For sore agreued was he.
where beuys had one murdour had thre.
But beuys and sabere bare them so.
That agayne one they slewe two.
whan the thronge was moste harde.
Than cam in ascaparde.
Al on fote as I you swere.
For there myght no hors hym bere.
wyth a great staffe in his honde.
He slewe al downe that he fonde.
whan ascaparde cam wyth hys rout.
Than was syr murdour in great dout.

For he brought wyth hym then.
Thre thousande of freshe men.
And felled downe on euery syde.
And slewe al that wolde abyde.
Great pyte it was certayne.
So many men as there were slayne.
Aferde they were of ascaparde.
For he smote so sore and harde.
That thre thousand of them dyd flee.
And drowned them selfe in the se.
Beuys called ascaparde hym tyl.
And sayde fela we here my skyl.
Loke that thou take gode hede.
Of hym that rydeth on the whyte stede.
And bere hym alyue into the tour.
For that same is syr murdour.
yes syr sayde ascaparde tho.
we shal hym shryue or we go.
Ascaparde wyth his staue.
Many one his deth he gaue.
wyth great strength and moche payne
he cam to syr murdour of almayne.
And euen on his horse as he sat there.
Under his arme he gan hym bere.
Than began murdours men to hye.
To rescue hym that he shulde nat dye.
The kynge of Skotlande with his rout.
Beset ascaparde rounde about.
Than syr beuys and syr sabere.
Cam to helpe hym wyth theyre power.

And slewe al that wolde stande.
The noumber of thre thousande.
And maugre it they had swone.
Murdour was to the castel bone.
The kynge of Skotlande sore dyd mourne.
whan murdour was to the castel bone.
And many of his men were cast to grounde.
He tourned his backe in that stounde.
Than they wolde no lenger abyde.
But slewe them downe on euery syde.
Syr beuys and syr sabere.
Enchased them wyth theyre power.
And so fast followed he.
That many were dryuen into the se.
And al that euer stode them agayne.
wythout merry they were slayne.
Some lacked theyr shankes fro the kne.
Some theyr hedes quartered in thre.
Some into the se dyd skyp.
The kynge of Skotlonde toke a shyp.
And fled away forthe by the west.
There as it hym pleased best.
Beuys and sabere tourned agayne.
Into the castel glad and fayne.
Syr beuys wythout any let.
Made a Caudron on the fyre be set.
Ful of pytche and of brymstone.
A worse deth was neuer none.
whan the caudron boyled harde.
Murdour was cast in the myd warde.

That deth dyed he sykerly.
For the deth of gode syr guy.
Therof harde the countalle.
That syr murdour dede was.
She stode aboue in a toure.
So wo she was for syr murdour.
That she fel downe & brake hyr necke.
I beshrewe hym that therfore doth recke.
whan syr beuys tydynges herde.
Of his moder howe she fared.
As sory was he for hyr.
As he was for his stepfader.
Sone after syr beuys.
Come to south hampton is.
To take possession of his londes.
That had ben longe out of his hondes.
The burgeyses wyth moche pryde.
Agaynst syr beuys gan they ryde.
And brought syr beuys fayre and wel.
To hampton to his owne castel.
Of hampton al the baronage.
Cam and dyd beuys homage.
Than was beuys glad and fayne.
That he had his ennemyes slayne.
Than beuys the soth to sayne.
Sende after the bysshop of coleyne.
That he wolde for any thynge.
Come and be at his weddynge.
whan the bysshop was thyder come.
Two knyghtes had Jolian nome.

Unto the churche they hyȝ led.
The bysshop on the boke redde.
And to beuys hyȝ wedded biyue.
Unto the endynge of hyȝ lyue.
Nowe hath beuys couered hys estate
Two chyldȝen by hyȝ he gate.
The fyȝst nyght togeder in fere.
As ye shal hereafter here.
Saber counsayled hym thare.
To wende to london to kynge edare.
foȝ to make homage as ryght wolde.
foȝ his londes to chalange and holde.
Syȝ beuys dyd after counsaylynge.
And went hym foȝthe beforȝe the kynge.
And ꝓfered to do hym homage.
As ryght was foȝ his heritage.
kynge edgare asked hym what he hyght.
And what he claymed foȝ his ryght.
Syȝ he sayde my name is beuys.
Therldom of hampton it is.
After my faders deth syȝ guy.
That was slayne foȝ his lady.
wyth syȝ murdoure of almayne.
But thanked be god nowe is he slayne
The kynge sayde beuys I holde me payed.
I graunt to al that thou hast sayde.
The kynge toke his marchal by the hande
And sayde delyuer me thy wande.
foȝ guy his fader was my marchal.
And so syȝ beuys hys son shal.

The yerde to beuys he taketh,
And his marchal he hym maketh.
BEuys is nowe of great myght.
And loued both of kynge and knyght.
wyth euery knyght squyer and barowne.
Beuys was loued vp and downe.
For largely wolde he spende.
And gyftes both gyue and sende.
To euery man after his estate.
Had no man cause hym to hate.
So curteys was he and so hende.
That euery man was his frende.
Saue syr Bryan of cornewayle.
He hated beuys wythouten fayle.
For those offyces had beuys.
That sometyme were his.
In somer about wytsontyde.
whan knyghtes moste on hors ryde.
A cours they cryed on a day.
Stedes and palfrayes to assay.
what hors that best myght ren.
Thre myle the cours was then.
who fyrst cam to the ende sholde.
Haue twenty pounde of redy golde.
Syr beuys was apayde wel.
For moche he trusted in arundel.
On the morne whan it was lyght.
Theder cam bothe baron and knyght.
wyth fayre stedes and moche pryde.
That on that cours wolde ryde.

Two knyghtes were stolen before.
A large halfe myle and more.
That none of theyre felawes dyd wote.
But beuys wyth his sporys his hors smote.
On arundel so sayth the boke.
In the myd way he them ouertoke.
He had ryden the cours within a whyle.
Or they thought he had ryden a myle.
Nowe hath beuys the golde wonne.
Thoroughe arundel that wel had ronne.
Therfore wyth that & another del.
He made the castel of arundel.
They praysed the hors in that cas.
For he so swyft and lusty was.
The kynges sonne and his ayre.
Thought the hors both gode and fayre.
Unto syr beuys anon he yede.
And sayde I pray the gyue me thy stede.
Nay sayde beuys nat for no golde.
But aske me ellys what ye wolde.
At thy wyl thou shalt it haue.
But arundel do thou nat craue.
For any prayer that man may pray.
Shal I neuer gyue arundel away.
The kynges son sawe it coude nat auayle.
To aske the stede wythout fayle.
wythout any more fable.
He went into syr beuys stable.
For he wolde the hors vntye.
And cam alytel ouer nye.

And arundel also hote
wyth his hynder fote he smote.
That he also brake his brayne.
Thus was the kynges son slayne
There was dole and great weppynge.
whan tydynges cam vnto the kynge.
Than the kynge verament.
Made to be set his parlament.
And began to ordayne.
That syr beuys shulde be slayne.
And wyth wylde bestes be drawe.
But his barons wythstode that lawe.
They sayde to sle beuys it were no skyl.
But arundel shalbe at thy wyl.
For he slewe thy son so.
But nought to beuys may we do.
Nay sayde beuys for no catel.
wolde I let sle arundel.
For he is gode in euery were.
yet had I leuer englonde forlwere.
Than spake syr bryan of cornewayle.
Syr this is our counsayle.
That ye do one of the two.
I assent sayde beuys tho.
Before you al I gyue here.
Myn herytage to syr sabere.
Syr beuys delyuered vp the wande.
And so forlware Englande.
A fortnyght respyte had he.
For to passe out of the cuntre.

And after warde myght be founde.
He shuld be take & fast be bounde.
On thys maner they were at one.
And to hampton he rode anone.
And al togeder tolde he thore.
Of his case bothe lesse and more.
It is no lenger but hens to morne.
For here may we no lenger sotourne
Beuys and Josian made them redy.
And toke theyre leue for to ferry.
Sabers sonne that hyght syr terry.
Beuys toke wyth hym for company.
Ascaparde that fals these.
For hym was beuys in moche grese.
He thought if I dwel here wythout fayle.
I gete nought ellys but great trauayle
If that I myght by tarmagant.
Bryngе Josian to mambraunt.
Ryght welcome shulde I be it tyl.
And haue Inough of my wyl.
This ascaparde fals was he.
For beuys was fallen in pouertye.
whan a man in ponertye is fal.
Fewe frendys meteth he wythal.

How beuys & Jolyan toke theyre way to a straunge londe and howe she was delyuered of two chyldren in a forest & howe ascaparde after hyr delliuerance bare hyr away & howe beuys aft cam to a great Justynge & wan the pryce.

Forth dyd beuys and Josian ryde.
Tyl they cam to a forest syde.
And Josyan that was so myde.
In that wode trauayled of chylde.
Beuys and terry downe gan lyght.
And wyth theyre swerdes a lodge they dyght
And brought Josian therin.
For they coude no better gyn.
Syr beuys dyd hyr seruyce bede.
For to helpe hyr at hyr nede.
Graimarcy syr she saydenay.
For goddys loue go hens away.

Go and ſport you wyth terry.
And late me worke and our lady.
Shal neuer womans prruete.
To man be ſhewed for me.
Beuys and terry forth went there.
For they wolde nat hyr peynes here.
But alcaparde toke another way.
On treaſon thought the theſe ay.
After that beuys was gone hyr fro
She was delyuered of chyldren two.
whan alcaparde harde that cas.
That Jolyan delyuered was.
To the lodge went he there.
And Jolyan away dyd he bere.
There myght no prayer hyr borowe.
I wonder hyt hert brast nat for ſorowe.
For he ſware by tarmagant.
He wolde hyr lede to mambrant.
whan beuys had longe tarved.
Agayne to the lodge he hym hyed.
In the lodge fonde he no mo.
But yonge male chyldren two.
He wyſt nat what to do nor ſay.
whan he ſowe Jolyan was away.
Alas than ſayde ſyr beuys.
Alcaparde hathe done treaſon I wys.
Syr beuys fel downe in a traunce.
But terry dyd hym vp enhaunce.
whan beuys ſawe no better wolde be.
His ryche mantel than toke he.

And wrapped the two chyldren therin.
For they were somdel of his kynne.
No lenger there wolde he abyde.
But toke his chyldren and forthe gan ryde
A foster in the wode he met.
And syr beuys sayre hym gret.
Fela we sayde he to hym than.
Sawest thou ought of suche a man.
Lede a woman by any way.
Syr sayde the foster nay.
what maner of man art thou bacheler.
Syr he sayde I am a foster.
wylt thou sayde beuys so cryst the chylde.
Do crysten here an hethen chylde.
But ryght nowe was it borne.
Ful erly it hathe the moder lorne.
And kepe it but this seuen yere.
For.x. marke and haue it here.
Gladly sayde the foster tho.
He toke the chylde & the golde also.
He sayde what shal I cal hym syr knyght
Beuys sayde guy as my fader hyght.
And whan he is of seuen yere.
In eche londe as thou enquere.
After syr beuys of hamptowne.
My name is so by my crowne.
And bryng the chylde than to me.
And wel rewarded shalt thou be.
Gladly syr sayde he I wys.
He went his way & beuys his.

Forthe they rode so sayth the boke.
Another man they ouertoke.
They asked what maner a man was he.
He sayde a fyllher of the se.
Than beuys wyth glad semblaunt.
made wyth hym the same couenaunt.
That he shulde in the same maner.
His other son kepe seuen yere.
The fyllher graunted as beuys sayde.
He toke the chylde and helde hym apayde.
After hym selfe in that whyle.
He crystened the chylde myle.
Forth rode beuys by dale and downe.
Tyl he cam to a castel towne.
He toke his Inne as a curteys knyght.
And vnto souper he hym dyght.
Than at a wyndowe as he loked out.
He sawe in the strete rounde about.
Stedes trapped fayre and bryght.
Dukes and erles and many a knyght.
Out at the wyndowes on euery syde.
Armes were hanged fayre and wyde.
Herodes gan the armes escrye.
And therof beuys maruayled greatly.
He asked his oste therof tydynge.
Syr he sayde harde you no thynge.
Of the great Justynge that shalbe.
tomorowe here in this cyte.
The dukes doughter and his eyre.
She is a mayden gode and fayre.

Hyr fader is nowe nere dede.
Therfore it is gyuen hyr to rede.
A great iustynge for to crye.
And he that may haue the maystry.
Shal thys mayden haue to wyfe.
And al hyr londe wythouten stryfe.
Than sayde beuys to terry.
Shal we iust for that lady.
yes sayde terry god forbede elys.
Jf it be soth that he vs tellys.
Beuys gaue that man for his tydynge.
Of grotes twenty shelynge.
On the morowe whan it was day clere.
Than arose bothe knyght and squyer.
Fayre tokens dyd they on them throwe.
wherby the lady shulde them knowe.
Syr beuys and syr terry
Armed them ful hastely.
Syr beuys bare of colour poymant.
A rede lyon of golde rampant.
Than forthe rode terry and he.
Thyder where the iustynge shuld be.
The fayre lady helyanour.
Ouer the castel lay that houre.
And al the iustynge she beheldē
what knyght hym bare best in the felde
Than these knyghtes began to ryde.
Eche at other on euery syde.
The fyrst knyght that beuys rode agayne
was themperours son of almayne.

And beuys at hym bare so fast.
That hors and man to grounde he cast.
The erle Florens forth gan thrynge.
Agaynst beuys wyth great hastynge.
Beuys met hym in the felde.
And hyt hym in myddes of the shelde.
That two londe brede and more.
He cast hym from his hors thore.
Than rode forth the duke antoyne.
That than was duke of burgoyne.
He was stronge and great of pryce.
And thus he sayde to syr beuys.
Turne the knyght and make defence.
For I wol venge the erle florence.
Than wolde beuys no lenger abyde.
But smote arundel vnder the syde.
So harde eyther to other droue
That theyr speres al to roue.
But beuys so harde to hym thrast.
That his shulder bone al to brast.
Therof he was agreued sore.
For that day myght he iust nomore.
Than rode forth syr terry.
To the kynges broder of hungry.
And gaue to hym suche a rebowne.
That both he and his hors fel downe.
Than cam the erle hamaut.
And to terry made a saute.
And terry hyt hym in the shelde.
That he bare hym into the felde.

There was no knyght verely,
That myght wythstande beuys nor terry.
But al the knygtes for great enuy.
Them two assayled cruelly.
And ful narowe them sought.
But beuis of hampton spared nought.
The styward of that same londe.
Beuys cast downe in myddys of the sonde
Than lought the lady Elyanore.
For the bolte that he made before.
And many beuys bare thoroughout.
That of theyr lyfe they stode in dout.
They stynted neuer tyl it was nyght.
That they wanted the day lyght.
Than they left of theyr Justynge.
And on the morowe they harde tydynge.
That syr beuys of hamptowne.
Had wonne the laude and the renowne.
Dame helyanour wolde nat blynne.
Tyl beuys was brought to hyr Inne.
She sayde syr it is gyuen me to counsayle.
Thou shalt me wed wythouten sayle.
Eyther to other terme of lyfe.
Nay sayde beuys I haue a wyfe.
And tolde howe she was stolne hym fro.
Than sayde the lady sythe it is so.
Thou shalt al this seuen yere.
Be my lorde in clene manere.
And if thou fynde hyr nat by than.
I wyl the haue before any man.

And if in that tyme ye fynde your wyfe.
I wol none husbonde durynge my lyfe
And loke beuys if I say skyl.
Dame sayde beuys I holde me thertyl
Thus was beuys hyr gouernour
And led that londe in great honour.
As sabere slept on a nyght in bed.
Hym thought that beuys was bested.
wyth ascaparde that was his swayne.
That he had beuys nerehande slayne.
whan he awaked his hert was colde.
His dreme vnto his wyfe he tolde.
Syr she sayde as I wene.
Beuys is brought in some tene.
As I trowe syr by my lyfe.
Ye hath lost outher chylde or wyfe.
By ascaparde that fals theefe.
Beuys is brought vnto some greefe.
Than sayde sabere I shal seke that syre.
Twelue knyghtes he dyd atyre.
In palmers wede by saynt John.
wel armed euerychone.
They were armed sure and wel.
Both in yren and in steele.
Forthe they went both more and lesse.
Tyl they came to hethenesse.
whan Josian was nere at mainbraunt.
Jesu cryst be hyr warrant.
She met wyth sabere in the bylage.
And sayde palmer in hyr langage.

I pray you of socour and rede.
But ye me helpe I am but dede.
Certys Josyan sayde sabere.
Me lyketh wel that ye be here.
For of you madame verament.
I shal make beuys a present.
Than agreued was ascaparde.
For they assayled hym ful harde.
They hym beset on euery syde.
But there wolde none his dynt abyde.
Fro his stroke away they dyd shone.
And start agayne as knyghtes anone.
And gaue hym great strokes and sore.
For anger he somed lyke a bore.
Than as he smote after a knyght.
Syr sabere ran to hym ful tyght.
And wyth his swerde wythout dout.
He bare ascaparde thorough out.
That he fel dede to the grounde.
Glad was Josyan that stounde.
Syr sabere toke Josyan
That was as whyte as any swan.
Hyr body that was so fayre and gent.
He anoynted wyth an oyntment.
And made hyr to seme yelowe & grene.
That before was fayre and shene.
That no man shulde take hyr hym fro.
Therfore he discolowred hyr so.
And after that beuys they sought.
But tydynges of hym harde they nought.

That wol be founde founde shal be.
On a day they went thorough the cyte.
They ledde Iolyan to hyr Inne.
And than he went some mete to wynne.
Sabere went to the castel gate.
And met his son terry therat.
He prayed hym in the honour of the rode.
That he wolde gyue hym some gode.
Terry hym beheelde blyue.
And sayde palmer so mot I thryue.
There shal no mete be the to dere.
For thou art lyke my fader sabere.
Saber sayde by goddys grace.
So thy moder sayde I was.
whan terry sawe that it was he.
He ran to hym wyth hert fre.
He hym kyssed and asked his fader.
what caused hym to come thyder.
Sabere sayde son thou shalt se.
what thynge I haue brought wyth me.
Forthe they went togeder in fere.
Tyl they to theyr Inne cam nere.
Than they bothe wyth gode entent.
wasshed away the oynteinent.
Fayre and wel they hyr dyght.
And brought hyr to the castel ryght.
And toke hyr vnto beuys in honde.
He had neuer erste a gladder sonde.
Than cam the kyssher & the fostere.
wyth theyr chyldren fayre and clere.

And for they helde beuys couenaunt ryght.
He made eyther of them a knyght.
And than wedded syr terry.
Of that londe that fayre lady.
There was a ryche feste I wys.
On euery syde toy and blysse.
But nowe begynneth a newe tydynge.
Of kynge Iour and Ermyne kynge.
Byt wene them batayle gan they take.
And al was for Iolyans sake.
A palmer tolde beuys that tydynge.
Therfore syr beuys al hastynge.
Sent after great chyualry.
Of doughty knyghtes and hardy.
That he had knowen before.
And al they were to hym swore.
whan beuys had gadred his company.
He toke his leue at syr terry.
And terry pfered wyth hym to go
But beuys sayde he shulde nat so.
Sabere thy fader shal go wyth me.
If I nede I shal sende for the.
Guy and myles to hors were dyght.
wyth stalworth swerdes for to fyght.
Than beuys wyth al his company.
went forthe vnto ermony.
Of his comynge the kynge was blythe.
And asked hym mercy an hundreth sythe.
And sayde if thou wylt forgyue me.
I wyl be cristened for loue of the.

On that couenaunt beuys gan hym kylle.
Thus be they acorded Jwys.
wythout any other dome.
Beuys sent to the [illegible] of rome.
That he shulde sende his clerkes gode.
Sabere them prayed or they yode.
That they wolde solempnly.
Crysten the londe of Ermony.
For at the kynges graunt they had.
The [illegible] that herynge was ful glad.
He sent thyder after his lawe.
Clerkes that were wyse of lawe.
They crystened kynge ermyne w' theyr hande
And al the people of his lande.
In many a place beuys gan worche.
Abbayes and many a fayre churche.
So was fyrst ermony
Thorough beuys crystened sykerlye.
whan kynge iour dyd vnderstonde.
That beuys was come into that londe.
A great oste gadred he tho.
Fourty thoulande sarazyns and mo.
Unto Ermony went he then.
And there began to robbe and brenne.
whan beuys herde that he was come.
A great oste he had anone.
And rode kynge Jour agayne.
wyth ten thoulande men certayne.
* Jt was a fayre syght who so beheide.
* whan bothe partyes met in the felde.

The felde shone al on lyght.
Of basenettes and helmes bryght.
But sone after there was another.
whan eyther ost defyed other.
On both partyes the romayns says.
They shot arowes wyth bowes turkays.
Quarels were shot on euery syde.
Spere men togeder dyd ryde.
Arowes were shot so great plente.
That one ost myght nat another se.
wyth swerdes bryght that wel gan byte.
Eche man dyd other smyte.
But whan they hanied bothe in same.
There was ernest and no game.
And beuys wyth mozglay quyt hym so
what euer he hyt he smote in two.
The sarazyns gan beuys defye.
And cam about hym redely.
Therwyth he was wel apayd & loughe.
On euery syde he them downe sloughe
So many he slewe in that fyght.
That to his fyzop they lay vp ryght.
He rode forth whan they hym left.
And there he slewe as many eft.
Sabere his eame thoughe he were olde.
He shewed that he was ponge and bolde.
He slewe before hym ten & twelue.
Tyl he cam to the kynge hym selue.
And maugre of mahowne.
There bare he the kynge downe.

The sarazyns folowed on an hepe.
To kynge Jour gan they lepe.
wyth force they horsed hym agayne.
Than al at onys on hym they layne.
whan beuys sawe sabere was in dout.
He prealed in amonge the rout.
And hym relcued in that houre.
Than rode he to kynge Jour.
And led hym forth al wyth force.
And betoke sabere his cors.
He bad lede hym into the tour.
And present Ermyne wyth kynge Jour.
Sabere led hym al quycke.
The sarazyns folowed hym ful thycke.
But suche strokes delt syr beuys.
That kynge Jour led thyder is.
For ought that they do myght.
whan they that sawe they fled ryght.
They wolde no lenger there abyde.
Beuys & his men after gan ryde.
He chased them so harde certayne.
That ten thousande he had slayne.
Many a knyght in the felde.
Lay there dede vnder theyr shelde.
And many a sarazyne that day.
wyth dedely woundes fled away.
Many stedes men myght se.
wyth dede men away fast fle.
Wen myght the sarazyns haue herde.
Curs mahounde they were so aferde.

Whan that beuys had made that chace.
He cam agayne wyth great solace.
Than syr beuys ryght anon.
Made cast kynge Jour in prison.
Kynge Jour prayed beuys tho.
That he myght make raũsom and go.
And for his raunsom haue he sholde.
Twenty sõmers of redy golde.
Wyth thre hundred beddes of sylke.
And an hundred stedes as whyte as mylke
An hundreth cuppes of golde fyne.
Wyth as many of masculyne.
Al this treasour I wyl the gyue.
If that thou wylt late me lyue.
Beuys sayde out hyder bryngе.
And I shal saue thy lyfe syr kynge.
So moche drede I nat the.
But that I had leuer thy tresour than the
Than was kynge Jour fayne.
Therafter he sent his chamberlayne.
The messangere brought the raũson.
Than cam kynge Jour out of prison.
'Now of kynge Jour late we be.
And of kynge Ermyne speke we.'
That shulde passe out of his lyue.
He sent after his son blyue.
Syr guy was beuys eldest son.
And on his hede he set the crowne.
He made hym kynge of ermony.
Than sone after hastely.

Dyed kynge ermyne the hende.
To heuen mot his soule wende.
Unto syr beuys cam sabere thare.
And toke his leue homewarde to fare.
Unto englonde wolde he blyue.
To his chyldren and to his wyue.
Beuys bad hym tary veraiment.
Sabere wolde nat but home went.
Nowe is kynge Jour in mambraunt.
And swereth by mahounde and tarmagant.
That he wolde hym wel auaūce.
That coude stele by any chaunce.
Gode arundel by some treason.
From syr beuys of hampton.
For if he wanted arundel.
I trowe men myght wyth hym mel.
There was a thefe that hyght rabone.
A stronge thefe and a fals felon.
He vndertoke the maystry.
And went forthe to ermony.
wyth his charmes and wyth his craft.
From beuys arundel he raft.
He brought hym to mambraunt tour.
And presented hym to kynge Jour.
Than was Jour wel apayde.
That beuys was so betrayde.
wo was beuys the sothe to tel.
whan he mysled arundel.
As sabere slept a nyght tyde.
Hym thought he sawe beuys tyde.

And arundel downe hym cast.
That two of his rybbes he brast.
whan he awoke he was afrayde.
And to his wyfe he tolde and sayde.
Syr she sayde ye do wronge.
ye byde from beuys alto longe.
By hym that of myght is moste.
I trowe he hath hys hors loste.
Syr sabere for syr beuys sake.
Staffe and skryp gan he take.
And went forthe wyth gode semblaunt.
Tyl he cam to mainbraunt.
Theder he went for to clyppe.
And left the londe of ermony.
Sabere cam by a ryuer.
Wen dyd theyre bestes water there.
He sawe as he there abode.
On arundel howe Rabone rode.
Than sayde sabere by heuen kynge.
Glad am I of this metynge.
Felawe he sayde so god me spede.
This may wel be called a stede.
He is wel brested wythout dout.
Gode felawe turne the about.
And as he turned hym there.
Up behynde hym lept sabere.
He smote to deth the thefe rabon.
wyth the ende of his trenchon
He wolde no lenger there abyde.
The sarazyns to the court gan ryde.

Unto the kynge gan they tel
Howe one was forth on arundel.
Than made the kynge to crye.
That they shulde after hye.
They rode after fast in a bande.
The noumber of thre thousande.
And ful narowe hym beset.
Josyan stode in a turret.
Al the folke beheldе she wel.
And howe one cam rydynge on arundel.
Unto the hal she hyed hyr downe.
Syr she sayde wythout the towne.
Cometh one rydynge vpon your stede.
Certys she sayde he is in great drede.
He is beset al about.
wyth men of armes a great rout.
Gode god sayde beuys hym helpe and saue.
And socour sone shal he haue.
Fyrst on horsbacke was syr guy.
Syr myles his broder and syr terry.
And syr beuys fast hyed he.
wyth al the knyghtes of the cyte.
He hyed hym fast to that stour.
And brought sabere gode socour.
And slewe the sarazyns downe ryght.
That none of them escape myght.
Gode game had sabere to sene.
Howe they lay spranglynge on the grene.
Tidynges cam to kynge Jour.
That his men were slayne in that stour.

He made sende haskely.
After his broder the kynge of surry.
He tolde hym howe his men were dede
And asked hym counsayle and rede.
I shal the say sayde brad wyne.
Thou art holden a noble sarazyne.
In pany nor in hetheneſſe.
Is none to the lyke in doughtyneſſe.
Therfore I counsayle the so.
To do the batayle bytwene you two.
Make thou redy thy sauchowne.
And make thy sacrysyce to mahowne.
That he the sende the ouerhande.
And forsothe I vnderstande.
That thou shalt a conquerour be.
And we wyl al go wyth the.
We shal be wyth the wythout drede.
And helpe the yf that thou haue nede.
Nowe sayde kynge Iour I assent.
Than smertly forthe they went.
And made mahounde sacrysyce.
wyth al his sarazyns that were wyse.
And al they prayed more and lesse.
To saue theyre kynge fro syr beuys.
whan the kynge had so done.
He lete arme hym ryght sone.
And went forthe to ermony.
wyth ten thousande men hardy.
Sone had beuys tydynge then.
Of kynge Iour and hys men.

He toke wyth hym his sonnes two.
Sabere and terry and other mo.
And rode kynge Iour agayne.
whan he sawe beuys he was ful fayne
And sayde beuys thou shalt vnderstande.
why we be come into this londe.
Fyrst thou rauysshed my wyfe.
And sythen reft my men theyr lyfe.
Therfore haue I taken counsayle.
Bytwene vs two to holde batayle.
And if thou sle me by tarmagaunt.
I gyue the the londe of mambraunt.
And if I sle the nat for thy.
I wyl thou graunt me ermony.
Beuys graunted as he had tolde.
And vndertoke the batayle bolde.
Into a place gan they ryde.
Closed wyth water on euery syde.
They drewe theyre swerdes hastely.
And smote togeder wyth gret enuye.
Theyr sheldes were byrsted that they bare
Theyr helmes crased theyr browes tare
Togeder they went another way.
And beuys hyt Iour wyth mozglay.
That halfe his helme he gan downe pare.
That men myght se his hede al bare.
And a quarter of his shelde.
That it feldowne in the felde.
That hors and man to the grounde fel.
That stroke was wonderous of to tel.

Up lept kynge Jour and stode.
And cryed on mahounde as he were wode.
And smote to beuys wyth his sawchowne.
Than beuys of arundel lyghted downe.
And ryght in beuys downe lyghtynge.
Jour hym smote wythout lesynge.
Aboue syr beuys helme on hye.
That the crest downe gan flye.
His helme therwyth crased in sonder.
Beuys kneled and that was wonder.
Beuys was than agreued sore.
Than vp he stert wythout more.
And gaue kynge Jour suche a rout.
That he neuer rose wythout dout.
Wo were the sarazyns in that stounde.
whan that Jour fel dede to the grounde.
He coude neuer after ryse nor go.
Therfore they were ful sory and wo.
Than his men wolde haue fled.
But guy and myles them dyd forbede.
And slewe them bothe more and lasse.
Or they myght the water passe.
Some were drowned in the flode.
None of them al agayne quycke yode.
Syr beuys was of gode purueaunce.
He toke kynge Jours conysaunce.
And dyd it vpon hym throwe.
That none myght hym fro Jour knowe.
A great power wyth hym toke he.
And went to maumbraunt that cyte.

M.ii.

whan they within the toure.
Sawe the comynge of kynge Jour.
Al they were glad and fayne.
And opened the gates hym agyne.
Than beuys into the cyte gan ryde.
wyth great ioy and moche pryde.
Thus by that subtyle gynne.
That ryche cyte gan they wynne.
He made them al become his men.
They dyd hym homage and feaute then
Than they cursed theyr mawmentry.
And worshypped god and our lady.
And who that wolde nat do so.
Smertly he dyd them slo.

NOwe is beuys kynge of that lond.
That fayntynge kynge Jour had i honde
Jolyan bothe bryght and shene.
Twyse therof hath she be quene.
Beuys and Jolian on a day.
wyth hawkes and houndes went them to play
As they cam by a ryuere.
Sone they met a mellangere.
He asked them after a knyght.
Named sabere as I you hyght.
Sabere anon forthe gan sprynge.
And sayde mellangere what tydynge.
Syr he sayde Edgare our kynge.
Thorough the his sly wardys counsaylynge
He hathe dysheryted Robert thyn hayre.
Certys sayde sabere that is nat fayre.

He rode to beuys and tolde hym so.
And asked hym leue for to go.
Beuys answered as a knyght hende.
Sabere he sayde wyth the I shal wende
wyth Jolyan mylys and syr guy.
And my neuewe thy son terry.
Than was syr sabere glad.
For great power wyth hym syr beuys had
And so went they to Englonde.
wyth men of armes ten thousande.
Sabere terry and beuys of renowne.
Sayled forth to southhamptowne.
Sabers wyfe and Robert his heyre.
welcomed them wel and fayre.
Sabere wolde tydynges vnderstande.
Syr sayde Robert al our lande.
The kynge hath arested by counsayle.
Of syr bryan of cornewayle.
He doth this by his stywardes rede.
For Arundel smote his son to dede.
Than sayde beuys by god on lyue.
we wol thyder also blyue.
Beuys rode thyder wyth lytel boste.
At Putneth he left his oste.
That is from London myles thre.
There left he his company.
And rode to london hym selue.
No mo wyth hym but knyghtes twelue.
He went forth to kynge Edgare.
And asked hym why and in what manere

He had dysheryted syr sabere.
And his sonne that was his heyre.
I delyuered hym myn herytage.
Here before your baronage.
The kynge sayde to hym ryght sone
Syr beuys if ought be mysdone.
It shal be amended in parlament.
wyth erlys and barons of our assent.
Al the knyghtes that were there.
To syr beuys made gode chere.
Saue syr bryan that foule mot hym befal.
He was his moste fo of al.
Syr sayde brian vnto the kynge.
me thynketh this is a wonder thynge.
That this forbanysshed swayne.
Is come into Englonde agayne.
By ryght ye shulde hym hange & drawe.
For he hath done agaynst the lawe.
The kynge wolde haue pardoned beuys.
But the fals stywarde sayde nay I wys.
Beuys went forthe bothe wrothe & wode.
& answerde neyther yl nor gode.
But toke his leue into the towne.
And at his mete he set hym downe.
Syr Bryan forthe went he.
And made a crye thoroughe the cyte
That al they that armes myght bere.
And had myght harnays to were.
That they shulde arme them anone.
For to take the kynges fone.

Than were al the gates loken.
wyndowes and doꝛes al wer stoken.
Cheynes were dꝛawen in euery stꝛete.
To let syꝛ beuys ye may wel wete.
whan syꝛ beuys herde that treason.
Up he lept as wode as any lyon.
And wel armed hym tho.
And bad his men shulde go.
To Putneth by water away.
And to my sonnes se ye say.
That they hye them hyther blyue.
Ik they wyl se theyꝛ fader alyue.
For whyle I fyght here wythout.
May ye go wythout dout.
Beuys lept vpon arundel.
He had no lenger leyser to dwel.
The fyꝛst that he met without fayle.
was syꝛ bꝛyan of coꝛnewayle.
He had wyth hym a great rout.
And beset syꝛ beuys rounde about.
Unto syꝛ beuys sayde bꝛyan.
Turne the as thou art a man.
Thou art an olde knyght of were.
And to syꝛ beuys he bare a spere.
So harde to syꝛ beuys he dꝛoue.
That his spere bꝛast & syꝛ beuys spere roue
Than syꝛ beuys beheldе.
Howe the sty warde had bꝛoken his shelde
Certys sayde beuys nowe wol I smyte.
I wyl assay that dynt to quyte.

Beuys smote arundel vnder the syde.
And wyth gode morglay in that tyde.
He hyt syr bryan on the crowne.
That to the sadyl he claue hym downe.
Beuys so styred hym in that stounde
That .CC. he kest to grounde.
Than rode he forthe in bredestrete.
Many lumbardes there gan he mete.
They assayled beuys wonder fast.
On euery syde he them downe cast.
Syr beuys had ben in many a londe.
And many a batayle had in honde.
yet was he neuer so wery a man.
In no batayle as he was than.
Syr beuys defended hym wel ynoughe.
many he felled and many he sloughe.
On euery syde he them downe cast.
And pryked forth amonge eyght fast.
Tyl he cam into the chepe.
There fonde he many men on hepe.
There agayne began the fyght.
Bytwene the cyte and the knyght.
Than sayde syr beuys hende & gode.
Unto the folke that there stode.
I rede that ye vnlocke the gate.
That I may passe forthe therat.
For yf I were slayne here within.
Lytel worshyp shulde ye wyne.
Than al they gan agaynst hym crye.
yelde the beuys or thou shalt dye.

Than kaught beuys as he were wode.
And bathed morglay in theyr blode.
Syr hundred men he killed to grounde.
yet had he neyther wemme nor wounde.
But moche blode of that man.
Thorroughe swete of his body ran.
Than it waxed derke nyght.
The folke were redy euer to fyght.
Than began arundel in dede.
To helpe his mayster at hys nede.
By.xx.fote on euery syde.
Durst no man his hors abyde.
And so lasted that cruel fyght.
Al that longe somers nyght.
Syr beuys knyghtes I vnderstonde.
To putneth they brought theyr sonde.
That beuys sonnes shulde hye them blyue
Yf they wolde haue theyre fader on lyue.
whan Iolyan harde they spake of beuys.
In a swowne she fel I wys.
Syr myles hyr son and syr guy.
Toke hyr vp certaynly.
Sonnes she sayde what is your rede.
For certaynly your fader is dede.
The best rede that we can.
Is that we fle hens euery man.
Nay sayde myles we wol nat so.
Unto our fader wol we go.
And bryngе hym gode socour.
Yf he be lyuynge in that stour.

And if that he slayne be.
we wol destroy al the cyte.
On armes lordynges gan they crye.
Sone that ye were al redy.
Syr guy bestrode a rabyght.
He was moche & no thynge lyght.
Syr beuys wyth his owne hand.
wan hym in the holy lande.
And a noble swerde gan he take.
That sometyme was launcelottys de lake.
And myles had Curtayne in his honde.
That somtyme longed to rowlonde.
His hors was swyft as any swalowe.
There was no hors that myght hym folowe
Shyppes toke they in that tyde.
And ouer Temmes gan they ryde.
They brought wyth them to the cyte.
Ten thousande of knyghtes fre.
They cam in at the water syde.
wyth moche ioy and great pryde.
At Ludgate they gan arere.
And slewe al that they fonde there.
Certaynly as I you say.
By than sprange the lyght of the day.
Beuys was so wery in that fyght.
That vneth myght he syt vp ryght.
There dwelled a lumbarde in the towne.
A doughty man of grēat renowne.
He had gadred a great oste
And rode forth wyth moche boste.

And in his hande a gode fauchowne.
That was made of stele browne.
Forth he prykked to syr beuys.
He sayde wylt thou aske no truys.
Than the lumbarde wyth his fachowne.
A great stroke he gaue beuowne.
Than beuys for faynt layde hym lowe.
And lened on his sadyl bowe.
That sawe beuys son syr guy.
And cam prekynge wyth great enuye.
With his swerde drawen in his honde.
And to the lumbarde he sent his sonde.
So harde on his hede he it set.
That thorough he helme and basenet.
Wan and hors in that stounde.
He smote in sunder to the grounde.
The poynt on the payment glent.
That the fyre out after went.
Syr beuys at that stroke lough he.
And gode confort to hym he drough he.
He thonked god omnypotent.
That hym helpe had thyder sent.
And arundel for joy neyed rygh t.
And helped beuys for to fygh t.
Syr beuys turned hym that whyle.
And sawe his other son syr myle.
Com rydynge wyth a great rout.
Of armed men hym about.
He neded neuer after to seke leche.
That syr myles myght ouer reche.

Men myght se crownes crake.
whan beuys sonnes vengeaũce gan take.
So harde they gan togeder mete.
That the blode ran in euery strete.
So many men there was dede.
That chepesyde ran of blode rede.
For there were slayne I vnderstande.
The nounber of thrytty thousande.
Thorough the fals sty wardes rede.
And yet was he the fyrst dede.
It is sothe wythout lesynge.
Of falshode cometh neuer gode endynge.
In euery strete men myght se.
Men lyenge in poynt to dye.
Hedes quartred wyth the thyes.
Shankes cut of by the knees.
Handes and armes bothe cut out.
Hedes trendlynge al about.
Dede bodyes quartred in thre.
It was great petye for to se.
whan beuys had his ennemyes destroyed.
Unto putneth he hym hyed.
Josyan was neuer so fayne.
As whan he sawe beuys agayne
Beuys toke Josyan ful sone.
And to southhampton went anon.
There he had thought wythout fayle.
To haue byd the kynge batayle.
Howe the kynge to make peas wythe beuys
gaue Myles beuys son his doughter i mariage.

Tydynges cam to kynge Edgare:
Of the batayle that was thare.
Kynge edgare than ful ryght.
Sent for lordes and many a knyght.
And tolde them thorought his sty wardes rede
How we al his men were thus dede.
I am nowe an olde man.
And beuys moche of warre can.
Hider is he come from farre.
wyth great power on me to warre.
wyth hym two sonnes hathe he brought.
Therfore lordynges I haue great thought

Myles shal take my doughter to wyfe.
For to swage al this stryfe.
And make syr myles erle of cornewayle.
That was syr bryans wythouten fayle.
Al they counsayled hym to do so.
A messangere the kynge sent tho.
To syr beuys of hamptoun.
Bydynge hym come to london.
I wyl that it be ordeyned so.
To make a loueday bytwene vs two.
His son shal wed my doughter fre.
And erle of cornewayle shal he be.
Nowe is beuys come to london I wys.
The kynges doughter brought forthe is.
To the chirche doze was she led.
And there syr myles wed hyr wed.
The kynge gaue myles in spousayle.
Therledome of Cornewayle.
There was myrth at theyre spousynge
Tournament and great Justynge.
At the weddynge in that manere.
The kynge and beuys sat ful nere.
whan beuys wolde home wende.
He toke his leue of the kynge so hende.
And at the lordes in that whyle.
And also at his sonne syr myle.
And betoke his sanne to Saberc.
That he shulde hym teche and lere.
Nowe gone is beuys and syr guy.
wyth Jolyan and syr terry.

Beuys left them in theyr owne loude.
And betoke them al to god in honde.
Than to mambzaunt beuys gan fare,
And seuen yerz lyued he there.
Than waxed Josian seke and lay.
And beuys also as I you say.
Bysshops and freres cam thyder blyue.
Beuys and Josyan forz to shzyue.
whan beuys & Josian wyth gode entent.
Had receyued the sacrament.
Eyther tourned to other wythout bosse.
And bothe they yelded vp the gosse.
Moche sozowe made syz guy.
There was no bote foz that truly.
Foz al we shal dye I wys.
whan that crystes wyl is.
Syz guy to the stable went he.
Arundel his hozs to se.
whan he cam there fonde he no rede.
The stede lay in the stable dede.
Syr Guy maruayled the sothe to say.
Foz al they dyed vpon a day.
Syz Guy dyd ozdayne and make.
Foz syz beuys and Josyans sake.
A place of religyon of pzyce.
To synge foz Josyan and beuys.
He toumbed them togeder in fere.
Kynge and quene as they were.
Jesu cryst in trinite.
Of theyz soules haue mercy.

And thus endeth beuys of southhamptowne
Kynge and knyght of great renowne.
All they that haue herde this talkynge.
Jesu graunt them gode endynge.
And bryngе vs to heuen blysse.
That euer shal last and neuer mysse.
To that blysse bryngе vs he
That for vs dyed on the rode tre.

¶ Emprynted by Rychарde Pynson in Flete-
strete at the sygne of the George.

This boke longyth to John bere